

# Esquire

A woman with dark hair and glasses is the central figure. She is wearing a white lace-trimmed spaghetti-strap top and a white apron with a colorful floral pattern. Over her left shoulder, she wears a grey blazer. Her right side (viewer's left) is dressed in the white top and apron, while her left side (viewer's right) is in a dark, possibly black, outfit. She is holding a bouquet of flowers in her right hand. The background is a solid light blue.

Man At His Best  
June 1990 Price \$2.95

#### HER LIPS

Can you trust what they say?

#### HER BRA

What really keeps it up?

#### HER WORK

Is that what she married?

## THE SECRET LIFE OF THE AMERICAN WIFE

#### HER PLUMBING

How much should you know?

#### HER APRON STRINGS

Do they tie her down?

#### HER WEAKNESS

Do you know what it is?

**A SPECIAL ISSUE** devoted to the perfect wife, the ex-wife, the housewife, the organic wife, Attila the Wife, the cheating wife, the writer's wife, the trophy wife, the fantasy wife, Wonder Wife, and the 100 best wives of all time





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ENGINEERING MINDS IN EUROPE.**

Every new BMW, it seems, serves as a magnet that attracts the greatest automotive thinkers on the continent. Which is probably the only credible theory to explain the mere existence of the BMW 750iL. After all, it takes a rare blend of genius and focus to create a 296-horsepower, 12-cylinder engine so uncannily smooth. Or a sedan so renowned for

luxury, yet perfectly at home on the critics' lists of the world's most exciting performance cars. Call 800-334-4BMW for more information, or visit your BMW dealer to test drive the 750iL: the collective inspiration of the engineering elite. You'll find it not only outclasses its rivals, but completely outthinks them. THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE.

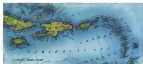




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of course, of course.

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Well, now car CD is really here. Because Pioneer has advanced the technology as far and created a line of players so extensive that now it's possible for anyone to afford the clarity of digital CD sound.

It begins with our new single play CD system.

You'll lose the high power to match the price. But try not to overlook the detachable face plate. An innovative security feature we recently developed for added convenience.

And while we're on the subject of convenience, Pioneer's 6-disc multi-play changer let you enjoy hours of uninterrupted music while you drive. Plus they can be easily added to your car without replacing your existing audio system.

For those who want it all, we also offer an incredible

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8-source system that gets multi-play CD, AM/FM tuner and cassette all at your fingertips with a remarkable wireless remote.

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**PIONEER**

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See Dealer Service Card after page 101



Departments

30  
THE SOUND  
AND THE RUST  
Letters from Readers

39  
BACKSTAGE  
This Is Your Wife  
By Lee Rosenberg

43  
Mean At His Death

WHIPPEN  
Have You Driven a  
Whippen Lately?  
By Alan Winkler

WILLIAMS  
The Greatest Record  
Ever Made  
By David Byrne

THE ENLIGHTENED  
CRIMINAL  
Garrison in Your Mind  
By Adam Ford

SEVEN SEVENTEEN  
The Reproaching  
of America  
By Paul Fester

SEVENTEEN  
The Treasure  
By John H. H. H.

WILLIAMS  
A Case on the Case  
By Paul Fester

67  
AMERICAN JOURNAL  
Murder on Mulholland  
By Tim Neill

Cover: Photograph  
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Styling by  
Diane Smith. Hair by  
Daniel Polansky

VOLUME 112 NO 4

JUNE 1991

# Esquire



The most significant artists Page 101

## Features

FOR DINNER 101 **The American Wife...**  
Call her anything you want, just call her.

NEW DATE 102 **The Last Housewife in America**  
A portrait of the endangered species.  
By David Finkel

NEW NIGHTS 116 **Betrayed**  
A story of two wives and many lies  
By Lisa Grosswald

FOR BETTER 125 **The 100 Best Wives of All Time**  
All about five infinity-one other paradigmatic wives.

FOR WORSE 128 **The Four Wives of the Apocalypse**  
Saturday Night Live's Hans Gensbarn on your worst  
marital nightmares

75  
THE SPORTING LIFE  
**Shark Bites Back**  
By Mike Lupica



79  
ACTIVE HEALTH  
**Inner Peace for Regular Guys**  
By John Papp

87  
THE FIRST 900  
**How I'll End My Life**  
By Stanley King



93  
TECHNOLOGY  
**Why Pictures Lie**  
By Donald R. Katz

976  
BRIGHT RECOMMENDS  
**The Pinst Shirt**  
Photograph of Timothy Dalton  
By Marianne Iskane

993  
THE ESSENTIAL TRAVELER  
**Mosquito**  
By Phil Farrow

994  
**A Letter at Last**  
By Bruce McGill

104 KIDDER 134 **Those Gilded Moments**  
A first farewell to the trophy wife. May she rest in peace.  
Photographs by Mary Ellen Mark

107 DEBARRAS 142 **The Twelve Virtues of the Perfect Wife**  
Why can't she be more like a Ray Liott?  
By Stanley King

108 TO HAVE AND TO HOLD 142 **Enter the Muse**  
In praise of the literary wife:  
Joan Didion, Virginia Woolf, James Joyce  
By John Gregory Brown, Richard Ford, and Robert Stone

109 FASHION 148 **Fashion Tips for the Repeat Offender**  
What to wear to your second (or third) wedding.

109 CARE AND MAINTENANCE 153 **Your Wife: An Owner's Manual**  
From her pocketbook to her plumbing, what every husband needs to know. No assembly required. Extras not included.

110 LIVING 162 **Fear and Clothing**  
Any guy can buy his wife a vacuum. It takes a real man to shop for Clatsal.

110 ECHOES 168 **Here Lies My Heart**  
The marriage may have ended, but the memories linger on.  
By Willie Morris

111 THE MORNING AFTER 178 **The Ultimate Guide to Managing Your Life**  
To be or not to be married: That is the question.  
By Peter Melman

112 SPEAK NOW, ETC. 182 **When Peter Met Elvira**  
She came to him. He came to night. She smoked and whined.  
He cursed at her. Ah yes, we remember it well.  
By Peter Gethers

113 TILL DEATH DO US PART 199 **A Case of Wife Murder**  
Charlie Sauer knew that having it all meant destroying what he already had.  
By John Seigenthaler

114 ONE MAN'S WORD 207 **The Ring of Truth**  
Don't let a wedding band ruin a perfectly good marriage.  
By Carl Hovav

114 222 **P.S., I Loved You**  
A letter from an ex-wife.  
By Linda Warren

BACK IN THE U.S.S.R.



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With its dramatic styling, aerodynamic headlights

and elegant, regal grille, the Sovereign is destined to be yet another Jaguar classic.

But it takes more than style to create a classic Jaguar. It also takes substance. Which is why every Sovereign is powered by a 223-horsepower, 4000-cc, 24-valve, six-cylinder engine, mated to an electronically controlled, four-speed automatic transmission that fea-

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Of course, no Jaguar, especially one of such classic proportions, would be complete without a host of luxurious amenities. The Sovereign cabin is lined with

hand-polished, inlaid hickory wood, supple leather, an electrically operated sunroof and the convenience of computerized climate control.

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GUCCI

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PHOTO: J. GARCIA  
STYLING: J. GARCIA  
GROOMING: J. GARCIA



## With Sony Handycam, you can catch her anytime.

This summer will only last 94 days. But the memories can last a lifetime, thanks to Sony Handycam. It's the lightweight camcorder that lets you capture all the motion and emotion of the season. So you can relive the good times all year long.

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features that make your video memories more memorable. Like two convenient programs modes that automatically adjust the exposure for great pictures. The Sports mode keeps the fastest judo knife dives sharp, while the Portrait mode softens the background as it

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With the Handycam, your family won't sound like it's

under water when it's not. The built-in stereo microphone and hi-fi stereo recording give you more than enough dimension to distinguish the crash of the surf from the splash in the pool.

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**SONY.**





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you wished would never end,  
and the whole neighborhood  
turned out to see your new car.

You answered a million questions,  
and everyone sat in the driver's seat.  
They went home long after sunset.

But it was still t-shirt warm  
by the time the kids were in bed.  
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—*Esquire Magazine, Village Voice*



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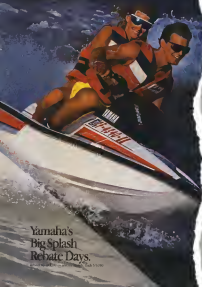
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# Power to Share.



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Good rebate days are only here once. Ends 1/31/90.

All about Yamaha's new WaveRunner LX for a 1000 cc class of boats. Because for parties of one, two riders pack more punch. With a mighty 600cc Yamaha Marine engine, there's always plenty of power to get you up and running strong. Making the waves on high-speed sprays. Or leisurely cruises. Solo or with a piggyback. So ask the WaveRunner LX to arrive. You'll like its answer.

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**YAMAHA**  
1000 cc

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Around here, a century of breeding can be revealed in a split second.

What's true for the championship bottom raised at Hanover Shoe Farms is also true for the timepieces made a few miles up the road at the Hamilton Watch Company, of Lancaster, Pa. The new Hamilton chronographs, for instance.

Nearly a century of watchmaking expertise is revealed in their beautifully functional designs. Each features elapsed second and minute hands, and three dials marking elapsed hours, tenths of a second, and continuous seconds. Most models also feature a date display.

Like the horses of Hanover Shoe Farms, the Hamilton chronographs demonstrate that it takes generations to produce a champion that performs as well as it looks.



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◊ A MAN AND HIS PASSION ◊



Photo: Michael Ochs / Getty Images. Styling: David LaChapelle. Makeup: David LaChapelle. Hair: David LaChapelle.

◊ A MAN AND HIS PASSION ◊



Dillard's

RUTH BETH TAYLOR  
**PASSION**  
FOR MEN



Swimsuit shopping  
give you the willies?

## Call Lands' End for the suits that fit, flatter, feel good all over

Every year, it's the time old swimsuits

You need a couple new swimsuits. So you find your courage, and go to the department store. Where the prices are often outrageous. And the suits, even more so. Designed by designers who seem to think every woman is a legs machine these old.

But you're going. You try on a suit. Then another. Then another. Maybe you find something you like, maybe you don't.

Feeling frustrated? Finally, even "I got it in the past; what I'd never gotten around without someone else look for it," one customer from Missouri told us.

It doesn't have to  
be that way.

At Lands' End, we've worked hard to develop swimsuits that fit (and flatter) women of all ages, all sizes.

Swimsuits that are attractive, comfortable, feel divine all over. That you won't have to tug at. That you can actually swim in, comfortably, without coming out of.

And, swimsuits that are priced to reflect the value we strive for in all Lands' End products. Most of these are under \$40, yet made of higher quality materials than many department store suits costing \$50 and up.

Here's the kicker:

you can order a Lands' End swimsuit and try it on in the comfort of your own home, just by calling us toll-free at 1-800-356-4444. No cramped fitting rooms, no peering eyes.

Our suits are even comfortable at any time, for any season. As we're fond of saying: **GUARANTEED PERIOD.**

But we're getting ahead of ourselves. You need the easy, grzy as what makes our suits so special. And no different from what else is out there.

First, "4-way stretch."

A selection of our suits have an amazing nylon/spandex fabric that stretches not just two ways, like conventional one-piece fabrics, but every which way. Through the torso, for long-waisted women. Through the chest, for long-breasted women. Through the hips and derriere—in all the places where a woman needs a little strategic stretch.

In the meantime, we've developed a basic pattern that accommodates the various sizes and shapes of our Lands' End customers, young and not so young. With a longer-than-normal cut, moderately (not high) cut legs, a little extra fabric in the seat area.

What makes us so sure our  
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# The Sound and the Fury

## LETTERS

### The Gripes of Ruth

"Deception" by Philip Roth, February) is a mish-mash of ideas that go stray due to enhancing caricatures and stone-dullage. The vulgarities appear to have been added to keep the hard and cold-lies drivers happy and emotional. Ironically, if any man's manner is that much and said that lady, she'd spend most of her time alone.

Rex J. Dowd  
East Manchester, N.Y.

"Deception" is clearly the refusal of a major contemporary writer, and well deserves credit for Mr. Roth's well-deserved place in literary history. But, I'm also convinced, enlightened literary processes, through old copies of Esquire, will scratch their heads over the characteristically off-kilter way in which "Deception" was

presented. From the opening, very serious scene of a fifty-year-old woman in the middle stages of infidelity, to the concluding "Take us, I'm yours" phantasm in Gaitano on the road, one would think it was either *Playboy*, *Fortune*'s of Hollywood, or *Victor*'s Secret that had in fact produced your February issue.

Rick Vail  
Santa Fe, N.M.

### Terrible Certain Call

Pete Hamill states that the United States took Texas, along with several other weak western states, as payment from Mexico in the Mexican War of 1846-48 ("Along the Tumbula Curve," February). Apparently, he is unaware of such events such as those occurring under Nixon and Son James, as well as the fact that Texas was purchased not only from the day Texas but also

part of what are now New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, and Oklahoma. How just also Texas was its independence, a purchased land and was granted U.S. citizenship. It was this surrender of statehood, along with the agreement about the southern boundary of Texas, that presented the armed conflict of 1846-48. Also, the Mexican War actually began when Mexico troops crossed the Rio Grande and attacked United States troops.

Mr. Hamill is also probably unaware of the Mexican program which has years permitted ideas can eventually work on the country's economy. Congress recognized this program largely because of pressure from organized labor, which did not want cheap Mexican wages to impede pay scale increases for its members. The result is the magnificent

plants in Mexico, just across the border, paying wages considerably lower than those in the United States and polluting previously pristine areas such as the Rio Grande valley near El Paso, along with Juarez.

As a native Texan brought up in the cross-Mexican-American culture, I share Mr. Hamill's sympathy for those who come to this country, albeit illegally, in search of a better life or to support destitute families in economically impoverished Mexico. I believe, however, that he should look in cooperation with his and correct analysis.

J. P. Barber  
Fort Worth, Tex.

Finally, a nonsensical article on Mexican and Central American illegal immigrants.

Consider for a moment how many more than a million we are, dis-

gustedly trying to keep out the people who are doing the same work that the vast majority of Americans are now paid in luxury to accept. Simply put, the American demand for "manual" and necessary workers is being met by the supply of hardworking and unemigrating Mexicans and Central Americans. Viva la Emigrante.

David C. Iglesias  
Santa Fe, N.M.

Pete Hamill forgets to mention a very important part of the immigrant journey: the trip from "the ocean front" through the coyotes in San Ysidro, the women's land controlled nightly by the "border ladies"—confederates who will rape and kill a woman for her last two dollars and who leave the alien alone the night before he goes. The Border Patrol, the San Diego police, and the Border Patrol have two jobs: to capture as many aliens as possible and to keep these human beings alive. We must remember that these people, who are attempting to

better their own lives, and then generously allow our troops, are asking their lives every day. Gloria A. Odasso Jr.  
Visalia, Calif.

### Rin Slat

At the risk of Requiem ending someone to St. Paul or "here the ship" out of me ("We, There Is Such a Thing as Too Much Jiggle," February), I must tell you that my back in 1990 I made and served the Jell-O Shot. The damned act took place in my home in New Mexico. I was a stomach-churning, and expounding with new and delicious formalism using my

Robert Womack  
St. Paul, Minn.

### Donald, Duck

Donald, Kurt's dream of blending on to board grandchildren is likely to come true. In "Are Newspapers Unworthy?" (January) he writes that "deception" will narrow people's perspectives because they will be "informed only by a high-tech emporium" of information.

But the opposite is true. Michael McCaffrey understood that the most technology has "enriched" our central nervous system with a global embrace, shaking both space and time...

Computers are a medium that allows our minds to wander the globe without leaving the room. They broaden the scope of our imagination. Letters do not prohibit ignorance.

John W. Fickles  
Waloken, N.J.

### Brian Versus Brian

The Brian collapses a description ("The House of Brian," by Thomas Hume, January?) It looks all right on our screens, and makes a decent enough cup of coffee, but as designers were clearly more concerned with beauty than function. What do you expect to get the lid on the candle while leaving, you are rewarded with all the water and grime overflowing from the bucket into the room and floor. My husband, son, and I have each accomplished this small disaster. Obviously, it is a study in

possible to grow from the candle without pouring onto another floor, or else, especially when the pot is full. Attention? You'll design? The worst designed appliance ever.

Joan Walker  
Middletown, Tenn.

### Dear Brian

I was the editor at the Kansas City airport buying some copies of the February Esquire, in that I could send your hilarious, serious, wonderful letter to all my re-writing pals (A. Latta, at last, by Bruce McCaffrey). I got twenty years ago, but McCaffrey's accounts are nevertheless vivid and alive in my heart. Thank you for the first symptom of "what's his?" that I've ever seen.

Theo Guad  
San Francisco, Calif.

Letters in the column should be mailed with your address and daytime phone number to: The Sound and the Fury, Esquire, c/o Reed-Brederly, New York, N.Y. 10015. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

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Artemide

Artemide

A close-up photograph of several smooth, wet, dark-colored rocks of various sizes. The rocks are glistening with water droplets. Overlaid on the image are several instances of the 'JB' logo in a stylized, red, serif font. Some logos are large and partially cut off by the edges of the frame, while others are smaller and placed on individual rocks. The overall composition is dense and textured.

JB on the rocks.

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## Backstage



# This Is Your Wife

By Lee Eisenberg

WE ARE GATHERED together in the light of our readers' interest in things with the subject of a man's wife, his partner, the little woman, the maven (for additional terms of endearment, see page 16).

Wherever name she goes by, she is there when a man wakes up and she is there when he goes to sleep, and in between, even when she isn't there, she's there, on his mind, accompanying on his senses. She is the ever-present source of joy, inspiration, advice, push, passion, frustration, and balance in his life. That said, how many so many men understand their WCRs better than her?

True, she has lots of different parts, many of which are explored in this issue. But a lot of men, it seems, like to impart to her magic qualities that tend to keep her either high as a priestess or somewhere in-between.

Some men make her a scapegoat, the excuse they offer when (and perhaps themselves) for their own occasional failures of nerve, discipline, adolescence, or courage ("I'd love to go, but the little woman would kill me").

Then, careless assumption is that there is mischief in this approach, a kind of secret of the bedroom and here called husbands they pretend they pretend not to.

Other husbands, of course, go in the opposite extreme, installing their wives in a kind of rape-rush course, losing, in the process, both their hearts and their credibility. Hence said we skip, in any case, do not make happy bedfellows.

What does the American wife look like when she's looked at head-on?

Back in February, to get both you and us thinking about husbands and wives, we ran an August Survey of male and female views on marriage. It was two pages long, included neither postage nor incentive for return mailing, and yet it was filled out and mailed back by the thousands. Of those who responded, we set of those who husbands talking about wives, and most (but not all) of the rest of you were wives talking about husbands. (Less than 1 percent of you had partners of the same sex, several of you were furious that we didn't include the category in the first place.) Typically, a respondent was around thirty-six years old, a college graduate earning up to \$40,000, and married—for about nine years—to a spouse of similar characteristics. Here are some of the survey's major themes:

**If you really want for me, you'll change a lot of habits for me.** Men and women differed greatly as to what, if given the choice, they would change in their wives and husbands. Wives would first improve their husbands' **personal habits** (14 percent), then their **temper** (11 percent), then their **salary** (10 percent). Husbands, for their part, would change their wives' **self-confidence** (11 percent), then their **sexual attitudes** (10 percent). (Hey, why are you looking at me that open window?)

In addition, husbands would improve their wives' **appearance** (15 percent), their **willpower** (11 percent), their **sense of humor** (10 percent), and their **values** (14 percent). Wives would fix their husbands' **family** (17 percent),

then their **temper** (11 percent), then their **salary** (10 percent). Husbands, for their part, would change their wives' **self-confidence** (11 percent), then their **sexual attitudes** (10 percent). (Hey, why are you looking at me that open window?)

In addition, husbands would improve their wives' **appearance** (15 percent), their **willpower** (11 percent), their **sense of humor** (10 percent), and their **values** (14 percent). Wives would fix their husbands' **family** (17 percent),







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## Man At His Best

stapped up by a dealer with gone when you'd need the loan to go. Actually, if North American Import/Export, of New York, New York, has its way, the loan might truly be available here soon to capitalists on the low end market powered by the Honda and Toyota.

**Toto, Toto, op. Lanchesteriana**  
The Toto 433 bears some  
resemblance of its predecessor's re-  
surrected Warburton's Cope's look,  
which came about back when  
resembling was more art than  
science and was as essential for  
nature as it is for art.

Powered by the car's wind, rear-mounted V-6 configuration it zooms off back at the 15 mph, chugging the flames like a one true luxury car and has survived as a "prize" gift for such winning bids of mine as Jodel Steiner and Field Castro. Czechoslovakia's new leaders have called the Tatra "happily unconscious" and want to relocate it to the pages of automotive history, but as part of the new order's inevitable balkanization, a group of "Tatra persons" has called to the attention of the state.

**Pulsar Fiat 125Sp**, Fabryka Samochodów Ciężarowych, Poland  
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cylinder engine that'll employ in-line drive whomever gets you up to 80 mph takes per hour in just under twelve seconds. Of course, all this traditionally happened only after you plunked down your clasp, waited three years for the thing to arrive, and then had it blessed by the priest.

**Yugo.** *Lovely Orange Zesties, Yugoslavians!*  
Well, we already got the Yugo, and a lot's been written about it. Besides, is one Zesties or told us, Yugoslavians? not in Eastern bloc country at all, but a Minsk someone who that often the best continues to look: *Well, okay, but what does that make Albania?* The ideal venue for *Sains* (the worldwide cinema)! ☛



*Endremsa, kelt, ghenda* her hie gress

**● ● ● ● ●**

## The Greatest Record Ever Made

By Daniel O'Brien

**O**N MARCH 7, 1963, when John Coltrane met with his salesman and a little-known singer in Rudy Van Gelder's recording studio in New Jersey, he was the most dominant saxophonist alive. If he hadn't yet achieved the golden status he would acquire in death, his profound inventiveness and his technical wizardry had already brought him stardom.

Like most men in these two branches, though, Calverton was seen by some as a heroic figure, irreverently dubbed "theater of war," and the hypnosis may be deployed there, had earned him some bad notices. The passion of his ardent devotees didn't help, either, to some critics, he was too large a target to ignore.

choosing the Marvin + Jane with a woman, he felt, could only drive him there further. Bob Thode, his longtime producer, offered him nearly every big name in jazz singing. Yet Caltrane rejected each suggestion, even Sarah Vaughan. He wanted, he said, Robert Newman.

More than a decade earlier, Horowitz had achieved some fame singing with Danny Gillespie. In the years since, he had found himself moving from small club to small club, singing around within the jazz community but virtually unknown outside it. "When I called Johnny," Thiele recalls, "he was thrilled. He felt lucky to record with John. And if you listen to the record, you can tell, because he sang to the limit of his ability."

Not one of the six powers on John Calzone and Johnny Morrison (JNC-Impulse) took more than two shots to cut JCalzone

had been known to do right, and taken of nearly every time he succeeded. If the mythology of artistic creation holds that greatness arises from sweat and pain, the hell hour of brilliant success smote than March day passes the mythology wrong.

A headline like the one above these words is a fragile house on which to walk. The release of the costume would be better got across with a series of provided a costume. Like a running shoe which find Hanesman's swimming trunks wear the mark of a lounge singer. At times, I'd say a costume (Marilyn's hot grown-up) has on the day, almost by Colman's capriciousness and whimsy, Hanesman's already in developing a structure as much as make. Perhaps that's why Colman's never again recorded with a singer, he knew this system could not be topped. As for Hanesman, in the years passed he died in 1981, he moved toward and then past the world of comedy, then to the world of the music business, and the industry that he served as approach the Chicago

The songs the two men recorded are all classic, rendered impeccably. But one—Pilly Neophant's "Lush Life," a piece so impossibly complex it's something of an in-joke among musicians—is delivered with such breathtaking mastery that you may wish Van Gelder, whether regretted more than twenty thousand recordings or his own unperfected career, was "It's a

**He never recorded again with a singer; he knew this session couldn't be topped.**

get it, having listened to John Cullum and Johnny Hartman for some fifteen years, I simply can't be moved. **E**

He never recorded again with a singer; he knew this session couldn't be topped.

of the very best numbers I've ever recorded, if not the best."

Yes, that's right. "If not the best" if you want to argue, but get it, having listened to John Coltrane and Johnny Hartman for some three years, I simply can't be moved. ■

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## Guerrillas in Your Midst

By Arlene Cole

**W**HICH OF THE CYCLES work when you manage you're headed for Gamble City, here to the moral prize: too many without, too many just. Too much heavy political weather. It is true enough. The city's best-of-all is a blinder of late, never more puffed, the redneck political humor even more morose than usual. Still, I find myself drawn to the complicated pleasures of the capital: prisons, mushrooming, *démocratie*, a place where an entire history hangs together, complicit on broad expanses to which distance not captures, where life and risk

My first amazement springs from a discovery that Guatemala City is one of the greenest food towns of the Western Hemisphere. It has the same main effect on me that New Orleans did: I find it hard to believe that we live in a city that, plotting elaborate maps concerning me, was once so ardent, wholesome, and fit to make a crack. The great mix of colonial and indigenous cultures that makes this country so politically unstable also makes it so rich in food. The country's food is diverse and strong, so strong that does not so much waste one's enjoyment as add challenge to it. Canoes from half the corners of Europe and the length of the Amazon have come to the city to supply the market. But what makes everything pleasantly jump all the place is Guatemala's appreciation of the naturally-improved ingredients of a almost scary intensity, struggle from relatively temperate lowlands, highland orchards, wet basins and rivers, mountain peaks, the Caribbean, and the Pacific.

Such a simple dish as grilled shrimp with garlic is a no-fills seafood treat like Biggie Mac makes in G.C. The garlic gets squeezed, the shrimp innocent of sodium, the quartered lemons so luxuriously perfumed you could drown in them. The house revives, perhaps? Our coast is

extraterrestrial aquarium—berry, take no prisoners staff beating with silky strands of cacha, the water was clear.

All across town you'll encounter dishes that seem to have been freshly invented. Lowly fried chicken from the ubiquitous Pollo Campero stands can merit a nod to acclaim. "So that's how fried chicken is supposed to taste!" At Helados Glorios a mere all-apricot ice cream in luscious salmon pink, studded with juicy and scruffy, seems wonderfully tropical and strange. Chiquitos brings for "the lunch" crowd

was that democratic slant on the Reformers. For other corollaries, like proper and marriage inequity and caste-discrimination, were probably enough, even the most Chinese-oriented reformers would recall a Thai friend, announced by the Chinese Emperor's old-fashioned dark robe with bare morning-glory grass, against the sage's compliment, "I haven't had food this good since my father's funeral."

Two of my favorite outdoor cafes happen to be in Guatemala City, where silence is big because of the cold climate. There

on low places I would rather see  
clash beneath the ancient vapors  
of Zurich, a Swiss theocracy  
and coffee shop that dwells  
within a languageless walled gar-  
den of truly exotic trees and  
weeping pines. The dwarf emmentaler  
here is shockingly volup-  
tuous, whelped cream that  
seems to have come very recently  
from a cow. With no economic  
history edge, it befriends a smidgen  
of very Guatemalan turkey and

I find myself eating five meals a day, always wondering if it's time for a snack.

transforms a dish of vanilla ice cream—with guaranty from a dry pitcher of hot chocolate—into the epitome of hot lodge sunders. Zareh is at its liveliest after 4:00 P.M., when Chapiro puts in for their afternoon *apéro* and a little conversation and watching.

Low lips, mother Swanschild, in the prime morning sun, blushed at it as with strange repression, most uncharacteristic suppression, and immediately *Amara ramifera* on thick, grided cowboy post. The post rises here, from the impossibly perfect fresh pineapple daisies in a curious pot de comode, made of cretaceous white stone and natural plume, may spin you to life. So many Solis, the expert's most indulgent waitress, who makes this beautiful-lined garden of perennial palms and climbing cactuses over sunset.

Cafe beachheads established, smart gastronomes will seek out the chicest Tulum beach eat, each of whom have a credited Guatemalan-Indian recipe that could hold its own anywhere on the globe. No, the place has a veritas menu, which makes it more an engage-

the bankers' version of you want us to see what their bankers can do. The major hopes of the Bernanke-Tanzi team holds forth

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**T**HE TELEPHONE in the park were caught my eye—it was around 1950. It was, one might think, the last vestige of the color that, as Margaret Walsh of the U.S. goes it, "banned" the last 1940s and early 1950s. But that phone is a good reminder: Green is back. Can avocado be far behind?

Walsh, who tracks color trends the way the CIA tracks 56-42's, says the "environmental movement" for the early 1950s was the trace of green in the home. Split between nature and pollution, green is a complex color, and its comeback may be the most surprising since George Foreman's early 1970s renegade screamed "I have a sword!" loud enough to drive the culture suddenly longer and fuzzy gray for nearly a decade. But in the 1950s, while the LBD boys turned up their greened-on black cat-collars, the color began to creep back in on brick house's first, white-collared computer mansion or green LEDs.

## LIVING QUARTERS

# The Regreening of America

By Phil Patton

The Color of Money might be the hue of risk and brilliant in his heart. With cash and power come green-eyed notions—and by the end of the 1950s character and military elites had begun to merge fashion and home. Green began to supplant its more conservative kin, with Mercedes blue-green, then Japanese, with a Mission green as gold as the Adams. And now here: The 1950 Chevrolet Beretta comes in a "matelacé green."

Green means, or "stands for," took over kitchen countertops. On those counters, the kitchen island, is nearly timeless de-

sign that has moved from brass-plated to, in recent years, black, red, and blue, now comes in a green somewhere between English-casing and emerald. It sets off kitchen floors of vine-green linoleum or wood stained a fading green, like punker bar once champagne.

Vibrant appeal comes in style: In 1950s Buick offers a couch covered in "spring-green" leather. In 1950s, the Anglo-catholic shop in Manhattan, features back and dressers painted green. Buick's designer Morris (see Green) presents a light-green easy chair.

Today's green is not 1950's. No longer are we talking about the high, bright, neon, back-to-the-garden green of Earth Day-buzzes and no dye. The green of the 1950s was inspired by the genuine effect environmental responsibility by necessity. They came from natural forest foliage and National Forest fire, as suggested by the names: colorists have assigned them: try, oxygen, bark.

Still a long way, you might say with red, from avocado, whose return, the color watchers say, must wait off the middle of the decade, by which time the avocado-beamed 1950s will seem

**Green is back,  
the color  
watchers say.  
Can avocado  
be far behind?**

as distant and romantic as the 1950s and 1960s. 1950s do now. But it will happen: Love those avocado appliances. **E**



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American Journal

## Murder on Mulholland

By Pete Hamill

**H**OLD UP ON Mulholland Drive at dusk, you suddenly enter the region of enigmatic, mysterious gores are everywhere, all black and or ornamental iron, electronic vibrations on the medical personnel. Some are fixed by some patients named by enigmatic patients. All are equipped with speakers to monitor patients, hidden video cameras with unblinking red eyes, neon signs warning the public about the toxicity of the patient's condition.

Forget about the dog, the region says, beware of the owner. It tells an explanation of all. I have, therefore I am. Try to take what I have and I will kill you. And they are serious. Mulholland is the highest ridge of Beverly Hills, winding for hours strange and sometimes along the edge of the Santa Monica Mountains between the Pacific and Chicago Pines. And today it is an almost perfect metaphor for the last days of the American security state. Billions have been spent here on security, but nobody is secure. If they were, they would not be building such fortresses. Judging by the defenses, either they must be loved here in a condition of permanent caution and fear. They are not there. Millions and millions, blood and crime. Homeless victims, kidnappers, lawyers and former wives and outraged lovers. They have guns, knives, poisons, and more. They can't be repelled.

And still, another happens. On this day, murder drove me up to the hills. I pulled a round one upon a sun-baked shoulder of the road and sat, thinking about a man named Jose Enrique Mendez and his wife, Kitty. On the criminal level, he was another glowing example of what was called the American Dream. He was born in Cuba, a son of the poor. Came to the States, and

Pete Hamill writes this column weekly for *Esquire*.



**They spend a mint on security in Beverly Hills—but death still gets in**

was sent to the United States by his father when he was sixteen, after Fidel's victory. He studied hard at Southern Illinois University and then attended to Queens College in New York City, choosing to become a C.P.A. in the '50s, when young men his age were enlisting in the quiet armies of the Woodstock Nation. He first worked for Coopers & Lybrand, a major New York accounting firm, and then spent fourteen intermittent years at the RCA Corporation, first in the Hauppauge subsidiary, later moving into the main plant in Hickory Creek, New York. By all accounts, he worked long, hard hours, displaying the tough ambition of the immigrant, and helped sign acts as diverse as Rick

Springfield, Barryman, and Miranda. He married Kitty Anderson when they were both students in Illinois. They lived in the placid suburbs of New Jersey, with four children. As Jose's income grew, they moved into a six-acre estate in Princeton. They had two sons, Lyle and Erik.

When RCA passed him over for a promotion in 1974, Miranda accepted an offer from Frank Woodward, the president and chief executive of Cinelco Pictures Inc., which became a major Hollywood player with the huge success of the second *Kung Fu* movie. Cinelco was acquiring video-tape distribution, based on its acquisition of an outfit called International Video Entertainment Inc. Miranda took over the red-top company, which was named Live Entertainment, expanded its

workload aggressively to acquire a supply of desirable movies for the endless battle of couch potatoes, and spent money to make money.

But this caused major changes in the life of the Mirandas family. They had to move to California, and landed into a several houses in Calabasas while searching for a permanent home. Lyle and Erik seemed to embrace the house style of Lyle's mother. They each played a lot of tennis. Lyle drove to school in a red Alfa Romeo. Erik wore pokey and, like virtually every other Californian south of Bakersfield, had ideas for screenplays.

Soon, the rented house wasn't big enough. Besides, there was some trouble with the kids. They got into a fight after a tennis match, local gang members

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were making threatening phone calls, the lively car was spray-painted, a tire was slashed. No matter how hard you worked, how much money you earned, Mendez learned, the world could be a scary place.

In the fall of 1988, Mendez and his family moved to Beverly Hills. The town's five square miles were themselves a prison of safety. In the palm-lined streets, police cruises roared steadily, day and night, and although there are reports of burglaries, and even some robberies, there is an average of only two murders a year. Beyond the gated and bordered, in the great, sprawling Third World city of Los Angeles, as many as a dozen people can be killed on the average weeknight. They could take what you have, up to and including your life.

So Mendez went up to the series of Mulholland Drive, bought fifteen acres of land, and began building his own eight-thousand-square-foot palace. This project would take several years, in the interim, he and Kerry bought a \$3.5-million mansion on Elm Drive. It was on the wrong side of Sunset, where there are few walls to provide sanctuary or immunity from the world of night. But this would have to do.

Joe and Kerry lived there until last August 26. That night, Lyle and Erik went out to the movies. They later said they were in the Lacoste in K2, but the lines were so long they saw *Barbarella* instead. At some point, two men entered the mansion. They were in the den. With daggers. And they shot Joe and Kerry to pieces. Suddenly, they shot Kerry five times, Joe eight, a dagger was jammed into his mouth and throat, blowing off the back of his head. Around midnight, Lyle and Erik called the police, however. They said they had come home to find the gate unlocked, the house door open, and their parents' bodies on the floor.

The double homicide was, for a while, a California sensation, and not simply because killers had breached the village walls. It was because the Mendezes had a presence of ultra-secure policy work by millions; his company also considered him so valuable it had taken out a \$3.5-million key-man policy. Cops and movie producers began making lists of the usual suspects. And raising the usual questions: Who wanted to hurt Mendez personally? Who wanted to hurt his company? Who would gain by his death? What's the conflict and where do we pin it on the act? Reports surfaced that Lyle (thirteen years) might have been mobbed up in theory dominated by the Beverly Hills cops. And that had a certain melodrama and logic in the region.

While Erik and Lyle were at a memorial service, and gave several tearful speeches about the horror of the crime and their love for their slain parents, other suspects were of-

ficed, this being a place that would prefer life as the real world to have the symmetry of an, even had an. Because Mendez was Hispanic, and stereotypes are common currency, there were the usual tales that he might have been using the stolen money to launder drug money. Or that he was deep into right-wing California politics. Or was somehow connected to the cocaine and the CIA. Nothing was proved, nobody was accused. The case faded from the newspapers. The trying of the docudrama stopped.

And yet... this seemed to be one of those American stories that combined the pure confusion of Hanoi Alice with the steady world of the just. As linked to Hollywood friends and misdeeds the casual steps of Beverly Hills, a second more than a simple lie. Some murders tell you more about life than they do about death. And life here, for all its wealth and armor, is as thick as the unrelenting earth soil.

When I stepped out of the car on Mulholland Drive to check some fragment of the world that had promised Joe Mendez safety, the only sound came from a few mangy-wheeled palm trees rocking in a Santa Ana wind. There were no children here, no Hollywood Parade dancing of lightning cars for the Territory. The children were behind the walls. If Mendez came here with a single dream of refuge in a bloody and dangerous country, he was obviously not alone. In the darkness, looking through the grating air, was an uncompleted circle, with workmen on scaffolds polishing its rimless, cultured granite facade. It looked alien, as if lifted from some distant land by a new version of Charles Foster Kane.

Nobody on Mulholland Drive could tell me who would kill their, because there wasn't anyone on the street. There wasn't even a sidewalk. I passed down streets empty enough too steep to support reckless Beverly Hills rich houses that defy gravity and common sense for the sake of a Good Address. Scrambled through the only channels were dozens of beer cans, old newspapers, discarded condoms, a woman's high-heeled red shoe. Mendezes could not have seen any of this while on Mulholland. If he had, the escape might have seemed to a warning: They had passed this way.

The new people of Beverly Hills aren't all Americans. There are many Latinos and other pilgrims from the Middle East, South Americans with blurry resumes, Asian folks with their triumphs over the fading capitalism of America. No wonder that the old Hollywood crowd is beginning to leave; most persons may be found a sales of money and the absurd to live here anymore. And for the younger Hollywood mobsters, shaped in part by the Yaku, to want to live in

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## The Sporting Life

# Shark Bites Back

By Mike Lupica

**O**N THIS DAY, somewhere in the golf world, Gregg Norman is making personality history and Tom Kite is having another straight drive. People are trying to figure out what comment Steve Ballmer is on and Payne Stewart can't decide which outfit to go with—the 49ers or the Raiders. Greg Norman sits in the study of his big house, north of Pebble Beach. He is on the telephone to Australia, talking about sharks. And sharks? Great white sharks? "Well, bloody Countess is pissed," he says, putting the receiver down.

"Jacquetta Chastain?" You have to make sure in golf. Guys you've never heard of are always winning the Phoenix Open or the Bonyon Nelson Classic.

"Yeah," Norman says.

"He's pissed at you."

"He heard about me going down on the shark's cage and now he thinks we got two instead of one."

"Shark cage?"

Norman, known to golf fans as the Great White Shark, explains: At home for the Australian Skins Game and the Australian Masters, he had taken some time off to go shark fishing. For fun, accepting the challenge, he decided to climb onto a steel cage with a couple of friends and dangle a fifteen-pound salmon in front of a fifteen-foot shark. If you want to draw a mental picture, imagine boxing Craig Stadler with a Haskay's Kim.

"Everybody seemed to think it was dangerous," Norman says. "Really isn't, unless the shark ends up on top of the cage and starts thrashing around. Then you've got a lot of trouble, of course, because it can break the line connecting you to the boat."

Later that day, Norman and his friends landed an 11,000-pound shark. On the following day, they wrestled for four hours with another great white that

weighed somewhere between 11,000 and 15,000 pounds. That one got away, but word soon spread that Norman and company had two kills. Countess was upset even though the first shark had been donated to a scientist in Gaines.

"I don't think it's because old Jacquetta had been at the same place a few weeks before, and never saw a bloody shark," Norman says.

Mike Lupica is a contributing editor of *Esquire*.



**Just when you thought it was safe to write off Greg Norman...**

Norman, known to golf fans as the Great White Shark, explains: At home for the Australian Skins Game and the Australian Masters, he had taken some time off to go shark fishing. For fun, accepting the challenge, he decided to climb onto a steel cage with a couple of friends and dangle a fifteen-pound salmon in front of a fifteen-foot shark. If you want to draw a mental picture, imagine boxing Craig Stadler with a Haskay's Kim.

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He shaker has blood, caught up in the excitement of his fishing story. "We had this big sucker in the boat twice," he says. "Twice we had our hands on him. And he got away."

In a way, it almost sounds as if Norman is referring to his career. At the moment, the Shark has one major tournament win in his code, but he has lost playoffs in the British Open, the U.S. Open, and the Masters. He has lost six of the seven-second hole in August's two majors and once on seventy-two in the PGA. Up to this point, he has hooked plenty of trophies, but he hasn't been able to get too many of them into his boat.

"This year will be different," he says, staring out at the ocean. "I'm young enough, and I'm strong enough. This is the year I start turning those sevens into positives."

GREG NORMAN is one of those athletes you find interesting more for the way he loses than for the way he wins, even if he has won sixty tournaments around the world.

"He's like some old-fashioned ballplayer, that kind of tough," says Norman's buddy Tucker Frittschman, the old New York Giants fullback. "You knock him down, he gets back up and gets after you. Knock him down again, he gets up again. And then he wants to have a couple of beers."

In the 1984 U.S. Open, at Winged Foot, Norman walked to the tee on the seventy-second hole and for the first

After pushing his second drive, way to the right of the green, he pitched back, and sank a long-putt just to tie Tony Zeehn. The next day, he shot 73 in an eighteen-hole playoff and lost.

In the 1981 PGA, at Inverness, outside of Toledo, he squandered a three-shot lead and came to the seventy-second hole tied with Tony Norman. Norman hit a wedge that spun back onto the front fringe. Two putts for his second shot was a good thing. Two strokes and a playoff, Norman figured, that's the worst that can happen. Instead Tony pulled out his sand shot to win.

In his first major tournament of '83, the Masters, Norman was locked in a three-way sudden-death playoff with Gene Ballesteros and Larry Manheim. Ballesteros bogeyed on 18, the first playoff hole. Norman reached the fringe on eleven with blue nearly fifty yards to the right of the green. Once again, Norman thought he had a chip and a putt to win. Blue clipped in. Norman won.

The most painful loss for him, though, was at the British Open last summer. Norman visited the final day about those comments behind the bushes, but he made a come-from-behind charge reminiscent of the Arnold Palmer-Jack Nicklaus days. He led the first six holes. "Should have finished number seven two," he says. "I need me a fix. He's a hummer. I'm going down, punched up, topped the putt one." He picked up two more strokes in the sudden-death playoff with Mark Calcavecchia and fellow American Wayne Grady, and he was eleven under par for his first twenty holes. On the fourth and final hole of the playoff, Norman drove the ball 125 or so yards onto a fairway trap that even pros weren't supposed to reach.

"People said I shouldn't have hit a driver," Norman says. "One of 'em hit it three yards to the left, they would've said I hit the green four feet over."

Calcavecchia hit his second shot off Norman's thought he had to go for the green. He hit some of the next two, flew the green out of bounds, and ended the tournament with the ball in his pocket.

"Sometimes you play bad golf and win. Sometimes you play great golf and lose," Norman says. "Because of the way things ended up, people forget what I had earned that day. I had passed that beautiful process and I didn't win. You panic a person like that, you still have to walk away with your head up, figuring you'll get the bastards next time."

THE BIG HOPE is quiet now. Norman's wife, Susan, has taken their two children to the marina to look at the boats. I ask

#### The Sporting Life

him if he is ever afraid that his moment has somehow passed. "Not a chance," he says. "People ask me all the time what my greatest moment in golf is, and I don't hesitate a bit, I tell them. I haven't had a yet."

He leans back in his chair. "I didn't even playing until I was seven, and I didn't turn pro until I was twenty-one. The past five or six years, I just look at them as my springboard years. Look at what Nicklaus did after he was thirty-five, what Hogan did, what Trevino did. As far as golf is concerned, I don't like I've just gotten out of primary school and I'm getting ready for university."

Not everyone is golf is as confident of Norman's ability. Jerry Tarde, the editor of Golf Digest, has seen his second-place finishes in person. "He's terrible for the game. Fun to watch. Incredible, really. And he's like Sam Snead, in the sense that he's that great physically," Tarde says. But, he adds: "Personally, I don't think he's as good as people think. The fact is, he hasn't performed when he's had to. He always seems to have trouble hitting the last green."

Norman has heard this criticism before.

**"Sometimes you play great golf and lose. You still have to walk away, figuring you'll get the bastards next time."**

He has also heard that he is overaggressive, and that he doesn't think well enough on the course. The Shark does not lose.

"Most of the people who have things to say about me have never been in a situation as the first place," he says. "It's a little like the Communist thing. It says you said without the facts. People say I hit the wrong chip at the British Open. But I was the only one who could use the lie."

He drops his big hands behind his head. "All you can do is show them," he says. "I've learned a lot these last years, believe me. I've learned a lot about my attitude. I've learned about pressure."

GREG NORMAN is standing on the practice tee at the Lombard Club, hitting a bag of balls. He is wearing a royal-blue polo shirt, khaki shorts, and golf shoes. An ex-surfier, he looks as if he has the fifty-four-hole lead in The Zurich Summer.

In a week, he would play in the Dowd Ryder Open in Miami. He would want the first day even shot off the lead and immediately chip away at the deficit, making a momentum putt to put the twenty-second hole Calcavecchia, his friend from the British Open, will once again challenge him, in the long-run playoff. Only this time, Norman will eagle the first sudden-death hole to win the tournament, finishing the day twelve under par for nineteen holes.

Maybe it is this relentless attitude that best explains his appeal. "He's always right there on the edge," ABC golf commentator Jack Whitaker says. "Always on the attack. Perhaps that's why he's lost some of the wins he's lost. But it's also why you can't ever take your eyes off him."

Even being behind by his past, Norman actually seems to enjoy being there on the edge. It's part of his style. He shoots right at the pin and plays golf with uncommon daring and flair. Let everybody else worry about the ones he has lost. Norman says, "I don't look back," and means it. The casual gap neckline. His eyes forward.

Before the final round at Inverness, he flew a helicopter through a terrible storm in Palm Beach. Along the way, as the sky loomed the little craft around, Norman's passengers started to feel ill. He laughed and had a ball of a time on the trip. The next morning, he returned to Miami and shot a 64.

Now, in the quiet surroundings of Lombard, he has a few more balls with his new score. Gardner Dickerson, a coach, graciously second Norman as a white hot Hogan has lost, drifts over. Norman hands him a new driver

and the sixty-three-year-old pro starts hitting seven drives, right to left, down the practice fairway.

"Gardner, can you look that thing?" Norman yells.

"Don't look back a minute," Dickerson says, squaring beneath his cap. The driver keeps going. "What's the made up?" he asks.

Norman laughs. "Break me, I'm not into that high-tech shit."

The two golfers go on talking like this for a long time. An old man with white hair, and a young man who seems to be on the threshold of his. The old man has his driven-and-putt with delight. The young man makes as he watches the 7-iron drive at the pin. In a week, he will play the greatest final round of golf in his career—perhaps the best anyone has ever seen on the tour. Maybe Greg Norman is right about his game. Maybe at Lombard he should be in firing the most shots at the 1989 31

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## Active Health

# Inner Peace for Regular Guys

By John Poppy

**D**WAYNE BUTLER hardly didn't give a damn when a cardiologist told him that he had blockages of up to 70 percent in the arteries of his heart.

"So?" he thought. "They took forty-seven years to get that way. And I've got another 30 percent to go."

So he went back to leaving trucks in San Leandro and San Jose, California. That was in 1985. What happened next, and what it has to do with the rest of us, emerges in a remarkable new book by the doctor who worked with Dwayne and twenty-one other people in the first medical experiment of its kind.

The title is precise but pedantic: *De Deen Dwayne's Program for Reversing Heart Disease*. Dwayne reports that eighteen of the twenty-two participants in his study—84 percent—began reversing blocked coronary arteries through "lifestyle" changes alone. Twenty-one other cardiac studies on reversing heart disease all use cholesterol-lowering drugs, surgery, or plasmapheresis (filtering cholesterol out of a person's blood through a dialysis-type machine). Yet the title of the book scarcely hints at the scope of what's inside. Whether or not you think you'll ever be concerned about your heart, this is likely to be the most useful book about health you'll read this year, maybe ever.

Surgery and drugs are great if you've already having a heart attack, but medical mechanisms don't alter the underlying qualities that led to the crisis. A coronary-artery bypass procedure just shifts the same disease—its danger around a problem that leaves the cause untouched. Fifty percent of bypassed arteries clog up again within five years, its patients within seven years.

Dwayne redefines the origins of heart disease to include not only easily mea-

John Poppy writes this column monthly for *Esquire*.



### Healing a heart

without surgery or dope? Get  
with the program

ured physical elements such as fat intake and exercise, but also wider ones such as emotional stress and—crucially, considering the symbolism of the heart—love. The evidence has convinced him that "meeting only the physical manifestations of heart disease without addressing the more fundamental causes will provide only temporary relief." For rest and healing, he looks to the attitudes that affect how we spend our time, treat ourselves and those around us, and how much—or how little—we enjoy being alone at all. He illustrates with stories from his own life and the lives of his study participants, all thoughtfully (and, in the great tradition of doctors who write well, engagingly)

backed by clinical data.

Dwayne is a scientist—here in his class at the University of Texas at Austin, an award winner at Baylor medical school, Harvard residency, and so forth—but he is also a doctor not confined at showing how medicine revealed can help to heal. Some of the most touching revelations in the book are his own, often arising in sessions initiated by participants in the research. Dwayne is one.

Tough and easy was the way Dwayne recalled growing up in New Mexico, raising with a crowd a junior high the pickled 50-year-old to "assess up in the men's category." Through high school, into the Oklahoma State of Soils, the Air Force, several steady jobs at several colleges, and on into marriage, fatherhood, and cancer, he learned to be "a bulldozed type of person who built that left a better and plier and all of this other stuff.... Any steps or workdays are no tolerated."

All along the way, Dwayne kept fighting. He broke the news of a supervisor at Frontier Airlines, where he was working when he married, in Seattle, he punched a guy who'd insulted him and roared, "I could have killed him." He jumped gleefully into a thermal in Montana, Montana, because "we just wanted a light."

He ate all-American food—meat, cheese, big family barbecues. By last night, as fifty-there, he was carrying the punch on his one-two-three frame, along with the clay on his shoulder. It

the five and a half years since he'd learned of the preperitoneal blockage, he'd

hired his wife, Kathy, by signing up for a cardiac-rehabilitation course, but his physical therapy sessions in mild to DeWitt's standard program. Kathy tried to get him out of the house for walks, but he complained that he was too tired. He slept poorly, with bouts of frustration about that drove Kathy to more depression to sleep. He'd wake up gasping for air, as if he'd been drowning. He took Zylorfen for joint and Coughal for high blood pressure (a side effect was the medication). His cholesterol level reached 375, more than a standard lipid level above "borderline high."

Behind the tough persona, DeWitte had grown bitter over looking powerless. He hated the secrecy of the living business, five hundred trucks on the road customers taking over everything from diet plans to drive machines, and refusing to pay for problems they'd caused; medications and stress therapy, besides telling him that if he didn't make his quota day'd find someone who could. But he had too much invested to quit—twenty-two years' experience and, more than that, his pride. With the stress, he'd failed repeatedly to cope with his fat, he'd skip breakfast and lunch, starve off twenty or thirty pounds, then gain back all of it and more.

He was so disgusted that he, of all people, had heart trouble, that he'd dismissed it. "I can overcome this," he'd tell himself, "I'll just be stricter and work hard, keep doing what I'm doing, and go back on a diet. And reaching for stretch marks, he'd left him applied. He told Kathy, "There absolutely blown life away."

One night, a physical therapist at the rehab center mentioned DeWitte's program in San Francisco, and Kathy pleaded with DeWitte to apply. Gradually, he did. Soon after he joined the Lifestyle Heart Team, he found that the worst of the blockage in his coronary arteries had already grown to 90 percent.

With DeWitte's arrival in December 1988, Ornish completed the full group of forty-one heart patients whose results he is now reporting. Ninety of them ended up in a control group that received "usual medical care." The remaining twenty-nine became the experimental group, entered in the program Ornish had devised.

• Vegetarian diet, less than 10 percent fat, less than 5 mg per day of cholesterol (A typical American eats 40 to 50 percent fat and 300 mg of cholesterol; the American Heart Association recommends maximums of 30 percent and 300 mg.)

• Moderate exercise, walking five half an hour a day, or for an hour every other day

#### Archie Health

• No smoking.  
• Stress-management techniques: at least a day total

of stretching, relaxation and breathing exercises, meditation, and walking stressors during up.

• Twice weekly group meetings, first hours early on Tuesday and Thursday evenings. Each meeting included a walk, the stress-management exercises, a meal, and a concluding hour of discussion. At first, Ornish and the psychologist leading the discussion started it toward noon or how to rock with the program and some light therapy exercises. They took care not to probe too deep, since several members agreed with an early outbreak from one that "I don't think feelings have anything to do with heart disease. I don't want to air my dirty laundry in front of others, and I don't want to hear about yours." That was the only member of the research group who did in the initial phase of the study—in gym one day, while fully exceeding the exercise limits, competing against a computerized rowing machine. As time went on, the support groups developed a new focus. They became, as Ornish writes, "safe enough for people to begin showing who

"Dr. Ornish asked me,

"What's more important, your

job or your health and

family?" I said, 'My job.' That's

when I heard the click."

they really were under each the mask."

Early press coverage about the study mentioned all of this, but neither mentioned in in the food and its exceptionally low fat content. Could anyone really stay a whole year on a program of salads with no oil at all, not even olive, no margarine for sandwiches, not even margarine, no animal products except egg whites and a cup a day of nonfat milk or yogurt? (DeWitte figured he could. He liked the challenge.)

But he told Ornish, "All I had understood that I was going to have to do the meditation and... get in a group and tell about my life. I wouldn't have realized, because I thought it showed weakness.... If I need your help, you can operate on me and fix my heart physically, but don't touch me mentally or emotionally."

Up to this point, I knew the participants in the study only from the back news source. Earlier that year, Ornish invited me

to a Tuesday-night meeting, and there among the people counting in the door and putting one another was DeWitte.

He looked the part, a big, round faced guy in a dark Woolricher and sweat pants, a towel around his neck, stretching his calf muscles before getting out on the walk that provides each meeting. I asked if I could go along. He said, "Sure," in an agreeable voice, and headed into a cold wind whipping off San Francisco Bay. For twenty minutes out and twenty back, I had to keep up with him, and he called the whole way.

"The thing that really surprised me is how fast the changes in my life started happening," he said softly, as if he were a little shy about his progress to tell it. "In the last six or eight months, I lost eighty pounds. That day—you can start your life back, as many times a day as you're hungry, and you can lose weight. And the food's not bad at all, you know? You learn about space and taking with egg whites and all sorts of ways to make things tasty."

Only cholesterol dropped from 375 to 155. My doctor took me off the blood-pressure medicine—and I didn't need it anymore—and I'm 114/72 without it. I don't need the pain medicine anymore. When I had the last forty pounds or so, the swelling stopped, and I haven't had any more shaking episodes. Kathy sleeps with me every night now, and it's as if we fell in love again."

His postcard note shared some control in the narrowing of his coronary arteries. More blood was flowing to his heart.

"I'm delighted, and maybe I'll live longer than I would have before, but that's not the whole point. Maybe I won't live longer. The point is that my attitude changed."

The day Dr. Ornish called to say he'd been admitted to the study, DeWitte had tried to back out. A one-week seminar for participants conflicted with a meeting his bosses expected him to attend in Los Angeles. "I said my boss would really be mad if I didn't go. Dr. Ornish asked me, 'What's more important, your job or your health and your family?' I said, 'My job.' That's when I heard the click."

Can't go to it, A., DeWitte told his boss. Soon after, he left truck leasing for a job he actually enjoys, working as a general manager at Hackney Container Corporation, which stores storage containers to construction companies.

I need to concentrate on how different everybody else was from me. I could never just relax and show who I am, I'd expect

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vered. He found otherwise: "If you get your fat and cholesterol under line enough, and practice the stress management and so on, then even if your blood cholesterol level doesn't come down much, you may still show reversal." One man with a generally high level of 250 and a 30-percent block read exercise and the conventional American Heart Association diet, in a year, his level dropped to 175 and the block increased to 77 percent. He then entered the Lifestyle Heart Trial. His cholesterol level dropped to 150—still high. But after he had spent a year on the program, an angiogram showed the blockage had reversed to 15 percent and blood flow through the artery increased by 170 percent. Other patients had similar results.

By contrast, only two other randomized studies show human beings reversing arterial blockage, both of those programs used drugs to reduce cholesterol levels, and neither showed reversal anywhere near the rate of this one.

Ornish is certain that cholesterol-lowering drugs should not be the first choice, he prescribes them only for people who refuse to adopt his lifestyle changes. They're expensive (\$1,000 to \$3,000 a year), their known side effects include internal problems, liver damage, and cancering and no one knows their long-term effects.

He is also convinced that cholesterol is not the primary cause of heart problems. It's important, yes, but "it's not the whole story. Neither is high blood pressure, or smoking, or lack of exercise. All of the low-risk factors explain only about half of the heart disease we see now."

The implications: Dr. Dean Ornish's Program for Reversing Heart Disease extends beyond personal health. A coronary-artery bypass can cost \$20,000, a balloon angioplasty, \$25,000, the last two with work, who knows? Eventually, living by the Ornish program costs nothing. In a country that spends \$10 billion a year treating heart disease, the savings could pay off a big chunk of the national debt.

And who can put a price on a return to really active health? "If you do it, a body can do it," Ornish's Butler insists. "And not only just the diet and exercise, but also...getting rid of some of your attachments, fears, hopes, all of the usual fixations, as he sees it, requires support. "If you don't have it at home, then you need to get some kind of group support, like this. I guess confiding your health to me another helps me. My religion tells me to do that. But I never practiced it. When you ask for forgiveness, for understanding, for love—that must be what the human body needs and what being human is all about. You know, it must be. Because it works." ■

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## The Float Sex

# How I'll End My Life

By Stanley Bing

**H**ERE, THE FIRST BRIGHT, cold-weather piece of the morning. The sides of the glass are sweating in the sunlight: there is becoming hard and sharp off the deep, glowing green of the golf course. It is so close and repetitive directly outside my patio screen window. The orange juice, that is not the gold course that of course, you know that.

Yes, there will be golf today, if I like. And food, so there always has been. And driving to wherever as I wish. And shopping for several essential things (that will make my life easier). The day will be as full, and yet so wonderfully empty. I have retired, but it is not a passive, idle thing, this retirement. It is a challenging occupation that takes all my energy and sometimes as gently so memento my energy. It is life straggled on the side. You have no cause to play—every day.

If you're the kind who's got to work and he drops, more power to you. Me, I lived for twenty-five years with the intense feeling that I was not to check out. Though hours and days and years of keeping phones and business accounts and memos and meetings and lunches and brunches and bottom line and quality time. I documented this existence, yearned for it, held it steadily in my mind like a beacon. And God bless me, after decades of mental prison, I did it for real. Really for real. Yes, that is it. Here I am. Having a wonderful time. With I were here. In fact, I am here.

The sun is up, but it is not yet hot. I know it will be. Every day is hot and clear and ... in that someone is revealed the true nature of existence.

There are just in it, this glass of orange juice, because I have hardly opened it with my own two hands, here and poured in they are, loose oranges that were grown within a day's

*Stanley Bing is a contributing editor of Esquire.*



**Somewhere  
beyond the corporate bag,  
a mall is calling me**

drive of my new home, I like this, the absolute to my satisfaction they often, or else I would remove them. I can do whatever I want.

I feel the first up sliding gently into the warming clasp of my stomach, which has had some time to develop an appetite for itself before being called upon to accept scolding coffee and a stuffin the size and weight of a croquet

ball—my breakfast of choice for thirty-five years. This is how many mornings I have had one conscious anxiety in pitch darkness and immediately poured several liquids of various temperatures down my gullet in a reckless, hurling dash for the night. Now I can drink slowly and feel the sunlight on the top of my head.

The local Price Chopper drug has coupons for a wide variety of very excellent restaurants that reduce the price of any meal taken at an appropriate hour. I have no intention of using any of these coupons. But I read them anyhow. It doesn't matter what I read, if I read, at what I read, so I read only what I find interesting, and then I read a local morning mail pretty amusing.

This week there is a special on fur's privilege at the West Coast, and a new shoe store opening right next door to Jordan Marsh. Think I'll drop by and check them out. Still I take a little time to read up on my grandchild, who used to cut an orange into four sections and then eat each

section, never "Ah!" he would say to me. "The best thing in the whole world!" This action I found somehow systematic and inevitably graceful. He wore a ribbed undershirt with no sleeves. The man could fit a chair by one leg high in the air. (Try it sometime.) He worked like a slave from the moment he came to America. Once a year, he went off by himself to a resort just north





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See Number Station Card after page 184

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I N F I N I T I



# Why Pictures Lie

By Donald R. Katz

**I** USED TO MARVEL at photographs in glossy outdoor magazines. In particular I enjoyed the ones depicting a hooked fish gleaming in the sunlight, shore broken water, the powerful form coiled in the picture frame before a flash and final effort to break free. The images were engraved with life, and a camera had successfully mediated between water and air, escape and capture, and managed to freeze this glorious stress moment that would otherwise have passed unnoted. I once repeated my beguiling appreciation of these fishing pictures to a group of professional fishermen, fishing editors, and fishing photographers in a boat off the Caribbean island of Tobago. I saw the way the men looked at one another and thought perhaps I'd overdone the sentimentalism here.

"Sourmoustache, the moment's not the way things lie," one of them said. "How often is a day's shooting day so that you can really catch a fish like that, when the light's right?" said another. "Sourmoustache, you just hook a fish and stick it in a freezer. Then you go out there and wait 'til the air is all other ways."

Even before this crushing revelation, I had not been without my doubts about the verisimilitude attending a photograph. I know about airbrushing and retouching, and I had considered the way photography cannot really to live all sorts of souls. I'd even seen enough of the world's wonders to notice how the brilliant promise of a well-arranged photograph often extended the suspension of the real thing. But, like most people, I basically believed that a still picture of a man on a beach in the full sun meant that at some point a man stood on that beach in the full sun. I accepted the old adage: "Pictures do not lie."

In this day, most claims not up us

Donald R. Katz is a contributing editor of *Esquire*.



**When picture-perfect has nothing to do with the picture**

what has happened to the reproduction of photographic images over the past five years, probably believe this is still true. Few remember the 1970s beachside where was revealed that National Geographic had allowed two pyramids to be electronically moved closer together than they really are. Most people still don't know about the handful of brilliantly advanced devices made by companies like Quantel, Crayfield, Hill, Dupont, Intertec—and the Kinetix as Jell-O of digital imaging, the powerful Screen Response machine. After an image is scanned and then reconstructed with pixel gain of one of these remarkable machines, the compromise between reality and an oversaturated is a photo-

graph becomes vividly enhanced—and the transformation of this electronic intervention are appearing everywhere.

In most photographic advertisements in a magazine or on a poster these days, the chances are good that the man never set foot on the beach, that he was wearing different clothes when he stood in a studio somewhere, that he might have been a different man altogether, that the beach is actually a combination of several technologically cloned beaches, that the water is a dyed and recolored sea, photographed at several times and places, and that the man was in fact stuck in the sky for effect, although the sensations from the false light source are perfectly angled across the image—minus, perhaps, a few shadows that the client as the falls in the fall, and so on. "Sourmoustache" ("Quantel," "Hill") are the personal and

One recent cover of *Time* Monthly depicted George Bush sharing a horse with four of his Texas political buddies. The horse was actually stretched like a limo to make room for John Tower and Jim Baker. Every picture has a problem. A man named John Lee was nearly arrested in Virginia on charges of kidnapping his family eighteen years earlier. He was caught because an old digital manipulation added eighteen years' worth of hair to his face, and he was recognized after a hair made from the image was shown on TV.

For a mere \$750 an hour in his fees, the same person makes of two people can be put to bed, in fugitive delirium, as it

were. An innocent party would have to say—ambiguously or otherwise—that the picture was created from space parts. An image of a house holding a dead newspaper must acknowledge a new. A picture of a street inside a door? None of it can mean what it used to mean without our standing audience.

What these machines do is process a photographic image as digital information. The image is "captured" and then stored—usually by scanning it with a halftone light beam—into a computer. Each information dot (called a picture element, or "pixel") within the photo is then given a binary code that can be moved on or off, or adjusted to any light value or position on the color wheel. Back as the days of the new photo labs call the "old days"—around three years ago—the number of pixels per inch could be written a given space was so much lower than the number of pixels per inch. Resolution was thought that resolution problems would build back the electronic revolution. But now that the machines are working with a million pixels in a square inch, the technical quality of any photograph can be improved.

The contrast, composition, light, color. Control over all of the above has been transferred from the photographer to the

#### Technical Capabilities

photo lab. This, combined with advanced video technology, religiously even the decision of what to push the button elsewhere. Most people on the technical side of the news think a lab that a news photographer will soon be a person pointing a video camera at an event. People in rumor hoards will then actually create the image they want. By then, the electronic cameras made by the likes of Kodak and Sony will hook up with the digital-imaging processors offered as accessories along domestic hardware by Apple, IBM, and the others. Pictures will be recorded on disks, and new ones will then reconstruct the image at home.

Commercial photographers are too well paid to complain about being sent out to shoot a runway while a colleague shoots the plane. Many of them are not nervous, though, about the implications regarding photograph ownership that arise with these new machines. How much is a suit worth as a suit on the runway? As some point, they worry, "image banks" will be so filled with stock that no photographer will be needed for advertisements at all.

News photographers tend to be a lot more wary about the new technology, perhaps because many of them, having ruled their lives trying to avoid the truth

of an event, are less than pleased that the image might be altered later. Newspapers are beginning to purchase these machines, and when they own a single rack into a house, or State a Coke can out of someone's hand, or "swallow" a face because they can't get a release, those who find problems of the documentary necessity of a news that get nervous.

After Ronald Reagan was shot, it was fairly well known in Washington news circles that the official White House photograph of him looking so much better in his hospital bed had been composed (ironically, this time), coming on TV tube and even the news holding him up. A recent *Columbia Journalism Review* article about the Henry—Quinn's new machine that allows immediate manipulation of moving images—contained a chilling analysis from Thomas Wolcott, the state vice-president of regional news in Baltimore. Wolcott called the Henry "imperial." The article details Wolcott's warning: "A videotape of Nicaragua PT boats attacking a U.S. destroyer. The boats look as if they are attacking, the administration says the tape is real, the president says it's real. Do we go to war? Or is it the Henry?"

Soon after the outcry about the moving pictures, National Geographic adopted a firm policy against moving any images

around in the picture frame. The magazine will pass as pictures through a digitizer in order to perfect color and light—and the pictures in the magazine have never looked better—but it won't go further. Most professional photographers have no firm policy on image alteration. It's only a matter of time before a doctored photograph becomes the backdrop of a news story, only a matter of time before somebody stands before a jury and says, "I wasn't in the liquor store. Look, I was at the ball game."

For a hundred years the specific characteristics of photography have granted the home a documentary status in the cultural and landscape. A photograph was thought to make right up there next to reality, like a tapestry. Suddenly the home is rendered in visual fiction, a festival of cynicism, and the change appears as a blow against truth and beauty, dealt by a digital revolution that digitizes all things to serve and ones, and makes everything subject to manipulation.

But the fact is, when photography was invented there was a public outcry because it was seen to obliterate the integrity of painting. The modern photographic innovators—Daguerre, Hill, Rollins—were actually artists who were drawn to the technique in search of painterly illusion. Others used the new technology as a way of

collecting images that could be arranged like sketches to facilitate their painting of large canvases. In 1839 a photographic process named Ocular Landscape created an alternative world—composed of no less than thirty melted negatives—that looked like a painting, and by 1840 there was a rising argument in the European world of image the "legitimacy of arranging" versus "pure photography."

And while we're on the subject of re-arranging, I know of a guy in Chicago who used to attach every big stage of great tape building up the history of Hollywood (I guess you couldn't leave down). Black and white photographers have been dodging and burning negatives in profoundly unsettling ways for many years. I'm told that the same issue of *The New York Times* that broke the story about Geography's moving of a pressed sheet into a photograph of the Secretary's camera looking a financial statement—where, in fact, he was holding a globe at the time the picture was taken.

From the famous photo of the Mamas sitting the flag at Jim Jones to staged news footage from Afghanistan, the potential for a "image" has been as great as documentary photography. The capacity to lie and cheat with pictures has always been there. Now it's just easier. As always, the more things

you know you can trust, not on the technology employed.

I must admit that by the end of the journey I used to take in the company of local photographers, I'd get a bit frustrated. Coming home meant they were done with their assignments. I was about to go home and work hard to "process" words so that a reader could feel what I'd witnessed and know that I was being faithful in my description of an experience. The pictures were pictures and thus accepted to truth by popular habit. For a century, most of us have granted the illusion of a photograph the status of reality. These new machines mean that this, too, has passed.

Photography, as the historian Daniel Boorstin has pointed out, remains arguably the most "democratic" means of recording events or creating art. Any high school sophomore can snap a photo of a poor person despite it all on a park bench and believe a moment of true emotion has been captured, as if the image had nothing whatsoever to do with the actual life of the guy on the bench.

A photograph never was "an object." Reality is the only original, and somewhere between the fantasy of a powerful fish breaking water, *Beats* in time, and the fact of being in with a fish finger, the work is still out there waiting to be coded in. ☐



# Midnight. For the purist.

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## THE AMERICAN WIFE...

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the powers that be  
Eve  
the ball and chain  
love of my life  
light of my life  
fire of my loins



# THE LAST HOUSEWIFE IN AMERICA

A profile of the endangered species



**T**O FIND WHERE THE Stewart family lives, start from Cincinnati and work south down the interstate. Even when the sky is overcast, it's easy to find the way. First comes the sign welcoming you to Kentucky. Next comes the city of Covington. Soon comes the town of Florence, which has two exits and a mall. • The road at the second exit is wide and glossy and a certain curve, when the bright store signs fade and the suburbs come to an end. There are lights ahead, but they are different—no longer fluorescent and concentrated, but scattered yellow pinpoints on the far rim of a field. They are the porch lights of some houses on a street called Red Clover Court, which is about to come awake. • The street is a cul-de-sac. The houses are new. The first interior light, a bedroom lamp, is switched on before 6:00 A.M., followed by lights in the bathroom, the hallway, the kitchen. Before long, up and down the street, more lights come on as people hurry to shower, dress, assemble children, load buses, pack diaper bags, load cars, get on their way. By sunrise, the migration has begun. Lights go off, doors are locked,

Julian Stewart knows that being a housewife is an aberration, but that is exactly what she wants to be.

BY DAVID FINKEL  
Photographs by D. Gorton



Red Clover Court by Dan McDonald

garage door rise, cars pull away. The rush is toward the highway and downtown Cincinnati, and as the last car turns out of sight, Red Clover Court seems suddenly abandoned.

At our house, however, a woman still stands in the front door. Her name is Julian Stewart, and she is waiting for her husband, Scott, who is coming down the hallway in a charcoal suit, his shirt wrinkle-free, his red tie knotted tightly, his bracelet at hand.

"Bea, honey," she says, rubbing him on the back. Next comes her son Ben, blond and fresh, who will take the school bus to first grade.

"See your cousins," she says, kissing him on the cheek.

Then comes her other son, Brian, a big, happy boy, who will spend the morning in preschool.

"You have a good morning, sir?"

The door closes, and Julian is alone, and with no intention, she sets out to do what she does every day, what her mother used to do, and her grandmother before that. She sets out to be a housewife.

She starts the breakfast dishes. She reaches for the vacuum. She reaches for the dustcloth. She reaches for the laundry. There is a smile on her face, and soon she begins to whistle.

IN EVERY LIFE, days unfold in particular ways. Mostly they are moved by a watch, a succession of precise minutes and seconds, of deadlines and adjustments, of calculations and trade-offs in which a long morning kiss can mean a ten-minute wait for the next train.

For Julian Stewart, days follow a different pace, one that is an anomaly. They are guided not by devices but by more forgiving measures—the length of a work cycle, as the time it takes to take a pot of tea, or the type of light coming in through the kitchen windows. There are clocks in Julian's house, but when she is alone, they are unnecessary. When it's bright out, she knows, it's time to think about lunch. When the light begins to fade, it's time to think about dinner. There is an exceptional life with one precise aspect. Even though she knows being a housewife is an aberration, that is exactly what she wants to be.

Julian is thirty-five years old, a year younger than Scott, who works in public relations for Procter & Gamble. She has a relaxed grace and an effortless smile, and she talks in a way that makes Scott and the boys want to wake up and see why she is so happy. Her voice is the thing. There is a melody to it, a lift—but southern, exactly, which is so often neither and yet—her excited and sparkling. "Look," Brian will say, knocking her on old leather he has brought in from outside. "Where did you find that?" she will ask, as if the leather were the most precious thing in the world.

She is like this all the time. Most nights, she is the last one to fall asleep. She will get into bed, turn out the light, and listen in the dark to the final sounds of a vanishing day. She will hear Scott's quiet breathing and the boys close the hall, turning under their covers.

David Finkel writes for the *St. Petersburg Times*. His last piece for *Esquire*, "One Faint of Light," appeared in the October 1989 issue.



Mother knows best: "There are women who wear their whole life, who look back and realize the world goes on."



ers. Sometimes the sounds lull her to sleep, other times the constant smoke, rising through her life. She thinks of growing up, how she used to come home from church, in her own bowl of cereal, and talk to her mother, who always would up for her. She thinks of what life is like now. Just as she takes under their seat a story about a woman who gave birth, put the baby in a plastic bag, and threw the bag in the trash. Just throw a baby away!

Occasionally, one of the boys starts with a bad dream. "Stop it," Ben will holler sharply, at, unapologetically, at one night, "Purple." She gets up to check on him. He is opened up, the sheets, the covers, one leg here, at the lower, the other hanging down in the space between the bed and the wall. The nightmare, whatever it was, is gone.

She gets back into bed. She thinks of the house. She can visualize every inch of it, every corner, every branch, every stride.

It's so ordinary, she sometimes thinks of her life. It's a thought that carries no hint of regret.

**MONDAY. CLEANING DAY.** She always starts with the beds. Hospital corners are adjusted. Sheets are tucked tight. Bedspreads are smoothed. Pillows are fluffed. The beds always go quickly, but from there on, the morning gets harder.

After breakfast and dishes, she is vacuuming Ben's room. It matters less, she is on to Ben's, then the upstairs hall way, then her bedroom.

From vacuuming, she sorts through the laundry, empties the trash, straightens the closet. In her closet, she finds a stray ball and tosses it toward Brian's room. "Whoopee," she says as it rattles off a wall, but she doesn't pause.

She dons yellow gloves, picks up a sponge, and sprays. Carpet in the bathroom sink. "The sink looks better now. It's one of those things. My mom used to say," she says.

Her parent has let into the color. "There's a big difference. I've tried the cheaper ones, the no-name ones. You don't have to use as much of that, and the smell is better."

She tackles the mirrors with Windex and a paper towel, although frequently she uses a color that is not. "I was at Windex's, and I saw someone using one on the windows. I went up, 'What are you doing?' He said, 'What do you mean? Windexing the windows.' 'No, I mean with the roller film.' 'They have it on it. No list.' I've used them ever since. They do work. On car windows too."

From there, it's on to the first floor, the vacuum being up down the stairs, she finishes lying over the breakfast, over Cornet, more Pine-Sol, more Windex. By late morning, she is done with the heavy work, at least until Friday, when she will do it all again. In the interim, she will straighten up, edit, string, cook meals, run errands, wipe counters, do laundry, work in the garden, and begin every day by showering together the kids.

She makes twenty-one beds a week. She washes and folds one hundred pounds of laundry and puts in the grocery store at least twice. She serves twenty-eight breakfasts, fifteen lunches, and twenty-four dinners. Plus drinks. Plus snacks. Plus, the moon

the lawn and sheets the sidewalk and has taken charge of the landscaping and is thinking of painting the house.

"I don't know. I look at my mom," Jordan says one afternoon, trying to explain why she has chosen to live such a life. There is no the-don't-watching TV. But so on the couch. She is making them cinnamon toast. "I think she's happy because at someone who accomplished the major goal she had. I don't think she's regretful."

"Mom," Ben calls.

"I think I'm a reflection of her thinking," Jordan goes on. "What Scott and I are doing, what's important to us."

"Mom?"

"I think of her as a stable force..."

"Mom?"

"A kind of..."

"Mom, look at my mustache!"

"How can I get that?"

"Mom, I'm a mustache!"

"You know, there are some women who work their whole life, who look back and realize the world goes on, and think, 'What good am I?'"

The crust pops up in the toaster. She puts it on a plate, smooths on some butter, sprinkles on the cinnamon.

"I don't know. We've not as important as we think we are," says Jordan. "I can think of people we know, and they work and work, and that's all they do."

Later, when Scott comes home, he walks into a house that smells new. The floors have been mopped, the walls freshly oiled, the fireplace mantel dusted. There is nothing duck or urtic at the air, rather the smell is of lightness, of lemon and clear water. Scott goes upstairs to change, where the bedroom carpet is still lined with the brook of the morning's vacuum. Jordan starts to answer the dinner and allows herself to wonder whether Scott knows how much she has done. "Probably not," she says. "But I don't know everything he does, either."

**WHAT THE BOSS IS** done his Thylene Getty, the budget version with the trade cloth, the one he had to borrow money from his mother-in-law, out of the neighborhood. He does pour the spot and he glows when someone has paid a child was hit by a car and the chalk outline of the body took three months to fade. He turns onto the interstate, drives across the Ohio River and into downtown Cincinnati, where he parks under an overpass and heads on foot toward the address that is Procter & Gamble.

Especially in the morning, the sensation is of thousands of people hurrying in from every point of the compass. Scott is six feet five, and his stride is long. He slams a steep hill and walks past the different Procter & Gamble divisions, past Skatlon Research, past Chemicals, past Corporate, past a more recent building, where P&G's women in business suits the country. "Hi, Bob," says Scott. "Morning, Scott," says Bob. Scott walks to the oldest building in the compound, where he walks to security, then the device in the fish boat, runs the first corner, and ducks into a small office with a nameplate by the door that reads, T. L. T. T. T. T. T.



Groomed with  
Avalon with gloves,  
a sponge, and  
her preferred prod-  
ucts, Jordan  
takes on the bath-  
room, a house-  
work obligation.



He likes to be at his desk by eight a.m., before his boss, before the secretaries. "Just to get a jump on the day," he says, but the truth is he loves his job, and he loves F&G. "Tide, Clorox, Dash, Raid, Iga. You're talking about everything on the shelf," he says with pride. "It's just phenomenal. Gladol, Glaxo, Top Job, Mr. Clean, Spic and Span, Comet, Softy, Jax, Lysol. He spins a beanie of fabric under his chin. "And, of course, Downy."

The bench of Downy is next to a photograph of Rex, Bruce, and JoAnn, which is next to a reprint of the FBI Statement Regarding Proposed Vermont Run on Disposable Diapers. For the past year, the reckless over disposable diapers has been Scott's specialty, and he has traveled across the country on paid-media journalism that F&G is so concerned at anyone

**Kind of sounds shallow," JoAnn acknowledges of her life. "It sounds boring. But it's not."**

about the environment. "It's exciting work," he says. "I can't think of anything else I'd rather be."

He tries to call home as often as he can. Last last year, when he was in New York, he was talking along when he realized he was outside Mary's. Mary's of New York, Mary's of Alaska on Thirty-fourth Street, one of JoAnn's favorite stores. He couldn't get to a pay phone line enough.

"Guess when I die?" he said.

"Where?" she said, trying to hear him over the beeping in the background.

"Somewhere you'd like to be."

"Give me a hint."

"A hint is to die with shopping and Christmas."

"Marry?"

Later he called again, after he had been made. "Do you believe they have wooden enclosures?"

He is on the phone a lot, once or twice a day to home and much of the rest of the time to any reporter who wants to know Frances de Gamble's position on diapers and recycling. A call comes in from Canada. Scott enters a new member of the Public Relations division into his office in June. He shows her how to talk to the Canadian reporter about the health benefits of disposable diapers, of the lack of leakage, of the recycling experiment F&G is conducting.

He hangs up. The new employee, a woman, starts at him in confusion.

"It just flows out of your mouth?" she says to him. "It's so clear? It comes just what was being asked by your questions. Your bridges to the larger world?" She shakes her head in disbelief. "You're engaged?"

"Well," Scott says, a little embarrassed. "Thanks." She leaves. He looks at his watch and tries to imagine what JoAnn is up to.

"Probably doing housework," is his guess.

ACTUALLY, AT THE moment, she is running errands. She goes for tea. Scott goes too, and at night they sit on the couch, her legs on his lap, as he tells her, and talk about what the day was like.

She asks, "How was work?"

He asks, "How were the kids?"

They both answer, in detail. Beyond such talk, however, their worlds rarely collide. His job doesn't take them to a lot of parties, and besides, she only comes a couple of times, which are surrounded in her closet by endless sweaters and blue jeans. That's the way they both prefer it. Sometimes, though, some function comes along that they need to go to, and before they even arrive, they know what's bound to happen. Like at a Christmas party last year. They were in the kitchen with five or six other people when one of them, a woman, turned to JoAnn and said, "What do you do?"

"I stay home," JoAnn said. "I have two sons."

The woman chewed on this for a moment, as if tearing old cabbage. "Well, you do work then," she finally said.

The inclination was to walk away, or to fume a bit over such condescension, or at the very least to stop smiling. But JoAnn

didn't. Maybe it was because she had heard those things enough times over the years to fit them past without a ripple. Or maybe she had come to realize that other people, especially women who own rows of dresses and endless appointment books, don't know what to make of her.

"Kind of sounds shallow," she acknowledges of her life. "It sounds boring. It sounds boring, but it's not. Not to me."

Not to Scott. It is what they wanted from their first date, back in November of 1974. Both had just graduated from college. He took her to the movies, but as top of the Louisville, Kentucky, Hyatt. He ordered a burger, and she ordered a gin and tonic, and at some point, when they felt comfortable enough with each other to share some drinks, she noticed that if she married and had children, she would want to stay home. That's nice, he said, that's great. The bar kept spinning, past 11 o'clock, past midnight, and away to dawn, when the table faced toward the rear, they could see across the room to Indiana, where they had both grown up in families much like the kind they were talking about now.

He was raised in New Albany, in a brick-uptown, she in a nearby town called Floyd Knolls, in a brick-and-plaster house surrounded by woods. After college, he took a job naming New Albany's job-training program, and she became director of the city's Public Department. Which is why they met. She employed all of the people he trained. For one day, he went to see her. Twelve years later, he can still remember what she looked like that day, and what she said about marriage, and more everything else.

"You remember the date of our first kiss?" he asks JoAnn one night.

She looks at her Marley.

"November 4, 1974. 8:03 A.M."

She thinks about that, and then she thinks about how long ago that was. In the same sense, she has grown up like men living a daydream to a woman's member, leaving behind an empty room in a house



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that her parents eventually moved out of and sold. That house, the one she had lived in from childhood to college, had meant everything to her. Her parents had made it a wonderful place for a child to grow up, just as it is trying to do now.

She should have moved away from that house. But one time she went back. It was last year, a hot day in September. She drove out with her parents and her brother Jon. They were as much for someone as any thing, and when the house appeared, so did all kinds of emotions. Then they walked in the front door. Jon, sensing immediately that the house had changed, told JoAnn made a halfway before making the usual tour. The tour ended and he asked JoAnn, "I'm going to be sick."

## JoAnn was overcome by a suffocating feeling that some lives are carved from a lack of choice.

"I know," she whispered back.

"I can't believe it."

"I know."

They went outside, walked around a nearby pond, came back to the house. Their mother was not there, pacing anxiously.

"Where'd you go?" she asked them.

"Couldn't take it," was all Jon could manage to say.

"I know," she said. "It makes you kind of sick."

Their father came out. They got in the car and drove off. "Time goes on," he said, laughing. Then he stopped laughing, and a long stretch of silence descended.

ONE TIME WHEN JoAnn was seven, a boy she knew died in the course of a day.

He was slightly younger than she, the son of her parents' best friends. He was playing baseball, and as he stood in the plate, the catcher somehow misread the ball. Maybe he was holding the ball too tightly, or maybe he was off balance. In any event, the ball didn't arch back toward the pitcher as it should have, but went fast and straight into the back of the boy's head. He was wearing a helmet, but it didn't matter. He went home a little dazed, developed a fever in the evening, and died soon after from a blood clot. It was a tragedy. JoAnn remembers, when the boy was in her house.

"I remember the moon was real bright. I couldn't make out any of the conversation, but you could tell by the voices. I can remember seeing the headlights pulling out of the driveway, and I ran up and saw the one they left, and I went back to my room and just lay there."

That was when JoAnn, who had grown up with no real misfortunes in her life, learned that people can die before they're ready. After that, she learned that they can die before they're ready. After that, she learned that they can die before they're ready. After that, she learned that they can die before they're ready.

There was a friend in college. One night, they or-

dered some pizza, and the friend went back to his room to wait, and when JoAnn went to get her a few minutes later, she was sitting on her bed with one wrist at it open, casually watching the flow of blood as it if were worse, not worse.

Later, after college, when JoAnn worked at the Twin department, the acts of duress weren't as un-dramatic, but the results were the same. There are housing projects at New Albany—more like a large city's, but poverty nonetheless—and a lot of the young girls who lived there got pregnant. There was one girl, JoAnn remembers, barely fifteen, who was pregnant as a favor of someone's baby. JoAnn was so much more of a mother, but JoAnn knew they were more. Another girl the remember would talk about how the boys were screaming her all being a lesbian because she wouldn't sleep with them.

The girl was determined to hold out, though. She had plans to finish high school and go on to college. But then word came back that the bad guys in, that she was several weeks along, and JoAnn was overcome by a suffocating feeling, a realization that some lives are carved from a lack of choice and gradually by dis-reckonment.

Self-esteem, she decided right then, is what's missing in a lot of children. Which is why, on the night when she put a knife through with heart, she said that when she becomes a wife and mother, she would very much like to stay home.

WEDNESDAY JOANN DRIVES BRIAN to preschool and stays for a while. She knows Brian better than anyone does, and yet when he stands next to the other children, she is struck by how far he is growing. "Look at his hair and hands," she remarks. "Like paws on dogs."

Next she goes to Ben's school to see lunch. He is glad to have her there, just as she used to like it when she would climb onto a school bus for a field trip, and there, among the volunteers, would be her mother. She and Ben walk to the cafeteria, past the school lobby where a janitor sits hunched in his chair, past the office of the school counselor who confers a weekly class for children whose parents are divorcing, past the office of the school psychologist who created two elementary-school children last year alone they'd threatened to kill themselves. The day's lunch selection is pizza. JoAnn sits across from Ben and three of his friends. Everyone is yapping, and it's hard to hear, but as one girl, JoAnn catches the word *slavery*. The twins in the little girl who is sitting next to her, and the girl leans forward, points her finger close, and hollers, "I'm in slavery!"

"Oh," JoAnn says.

She smiles at the girl, and the girl smiles back, and they both return to their pizza, and JoAnn thinks to herself, Well, why not?

She heads home. It can't be far. Nothing is, actually. It's two miles from the house to the school, three to the grocery, three to the movie, three to the mall. Dinner that night is pork chops, potatoes, glass



You always come back to the basics.

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beats, salad, and rolls made from scratch.

"These are good rolls, Mom," Ben says, reaching for more.

MEANWHILE, ACROSS THE STREET at the Cooper residence, dinner hasn't even been stirred. In fact, Casey Cooper and his wife, Tom, are still conversing from work. Her hair buns up since five o'clock. She has been up since 5:00. They both have full-time jobs, and their children, twin thirteen-month-old girls, go to daycare.

"We had a choice between me working or having a small house in a neighborhood we didn't like," says Tom. "For me, it was more important to have this. I grew up in a neighborhood like this, and I want my kids to have it, too."

There are no guarantees, not about anything. Scott wasn't the only one who passed by the chalk outline of the dead child. She did, too. And the children who do make it through childhood, and through ordinary games of baseball, and the pressures of adolescence, and the first days of college—they know they can end up bleeding alone on a bed.

What's to come? What will happen to Ben? Or Susan? Or her? She has known other women who stayed home, and she saw how they sagged, grew lethargic, watched TV, wore their bathrobes most of the day. She thinks that in a few years she will probably want to do something else to keep her life interesting, maybe some volunteer work, maybe something like an actress, but who knows?

Who, for that matter, can say what will happen to her and Scott?

In their first years of marriage, they've had their share of fights. A few times she fled the house and went for long, long drives, and once she parked a car on a road and began to push.

But even as she was packing, she knew it was for show, that she could never leave for good.

But marriage, even good ones, can fall apart. She knows that too. One afternoon a few months ago, she and Scott found a message on their answering machine from an old friend who, like JoAnn, had chosen to remain home for her husband and children, and had done just that for fifteen years. The message was that her husband was gone. The friend began to cry. The message ended.

JoAnn called back, of course, and asked what in the world had happened, and the friend said her husband had suddenly announced he'd had enough. "I don't love you," he'd said. She had looked at him, incomprehending. "I don't like you," he'd gone on. "I haven't loved you for a long time."

"And?" JoAnn said, trying to imagine how such words must feel.

And, the friend said, she'd tried to wonder off what she was saying as nothing more than whimsy. He was probably mad. He'd probably had a bad day. "I'll never know," she had said to him. "You know?"

And?

He'd left.

So it is on a Saturday that JoAnn goes for a walk. The friend is inside her house, was told. Her husband, she says, came back, but only for a few minutes. That time, she got angry and slapped him, and he grabbed her around the neck, and the children, who had been watching, came to him, forcing him to stand back off. Now he was in an apartment, and she had no idea what to do. Fifteen years without working is a long time, she reminds JoAnn.

There is nothing JoAnn can really do except listen, and she does that through the afternoon and into the evening. When she leaves, it is dark. "It will be okay," she tells her friend. Then she goes into her car, heads toward the highway, and begins to cry, not only for her friend but also for more general reasons, for the way so many lives work out. The radio goes by. She fiddles with the car radio switch, turns it back, dials a



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## Even as she was packing, JoAnn knew it was for show, that she could never leave for good.

"We're exhausted a lot of the time," Casey says. "We come home, we've both already worked eight hours, and we have everything to do. The worst is when the kids are sick."

"It's hard. I miss the kids, I miss seeing the little things they do," Tom says. "I get a look at work and think, I wonder what day it is today?"

Down the street, at Dave and Joyce Grant's house, life is much the same. They get up at five, give a little to their baby, Andrew, dress while he sleeps, pack his diaper bag, leave by 7:00, drop Andrew off at daycare, get to downtown Cincinnati by eight, and grab breakfast from a vending machine. Dave usually has snacks and cookies, Joyce usually has soda and Chex Doodles. They are always tired. Once, when Andrew woke up early, Joyce went to comfort him, lay down on the floor, shut her eyes for a moment, and awakened twelve hours later.

"There's times when I wish I could stay home," Joyce says. "But then, we wouldn't have this house. But then I think material things shouldn't be the important...." She looks at a sign. "It's pretty moved," she says.

"No question," Dave says to her. "You quit, we move."

Next door to Tom and Judy McMen's, the talk is of the time that Judy did stay home.

Tom: "When Judy didn't work, I got 'You going out. The kids are driving me crazy. I need to talk to an adult.'"

Judy: "He was my only release."

Tom: "It was great of leaving it."

Judy: "I can't imagine what JoAnn's life is like."

JOANN, ON THE OTHER HAND, can easily imagine them. She sees the rush of cars in the morning and the remaining cars at night. She hears their stories and knows how hard it must be. She knows also that as much as she believes in what she's doing, they believe something they're doing, as well. And who's to say who's right?



all. She is not really paying attention to the highway signs, but at one point she notices she is more than halfway home. And with that, a feeling of anticipation comes over her, an ache to get back. She begins to go faster. She is absolutely home-piss. She pulls into the driveway and hurries inside, where Scott is waiting, waiting. "Tell me about it," he says. She does, but first she throws her arms around him.

<sup>12</sup>ВЕН. ВЕЛАН. Стор. 64.

It is the following Saturday, twenty-one beds and one hundred pounds of laundry later. Jokers, Squat thinks, could use a day to himself, so he loads the two bops into the car and heads toward Indiana. The morning is foggy, but as he swings over the Ohio River, the fog has lifted enough for a glimpse of someone

dry, showing up the next day with the laundry cleaned, in time to feed him lunch again.

Soto imagines that his mother has some regrets about how her life has gone, but he has never asked. The closest he came was a day last winter. "When Dad died, where do you want to go?" he said. "What do you want to do?"

At first she didn't answer, but then, sounding suddenly sad, she did. "I don't care to go anywhere," she said. "I just want to be able to go in the mail."

That was the end of it. Now, on a Saturday afternoon, she reaches for a box of tissues that she uses to wipe all the corners of her husband's mouth. She takes out several and passes them to the edge of the bed, within her husband's reach. "How dad has trouble pulling Kleenex out of these boxes," she says.

Scott looks at the bus and sees that they're not Klansmen at all, but Puffs, a Poverty & Gamble prod. act. "There's a toll-free number you can call and complain," he says.

He looks at his father

"Well, what do you think?" he asked.

He leans close. This time, the words do come out. "Nothing different," his father says.

THINK this recurring vision JoAnn has, not a dream exactly, but something she likes to imagine: It is 60 years or twenty years down the road, and her sons are getting married. Scott is there, of course, more or less, and she is next to him, a little weary and proud that everything worked out. (She is released?)

Regardless, the boys say that vows to women don't quite make out, lit vials of lace, leave the church, turn the corner, and are gone.

That's what she sees. What she can't see is what  
cannot exist. But she has some ideas.

The boys, and their wives, and their children, live  
nearby and always near by us here.

She and Scott grow old together, without sickness or wheelchairs or crutches.

Her days wind down as gently as they built up, so that when her last moments are at hand, she is able to look back with contentment at the band of life it has been.

The leaves behind a wonderful haiku, a haiku important to the people they loved, so much so that if ever they came back to visit, they would be startled by any change.

For now, though, it is late Saturday afternoon at Red Clover Court, where a woman sits in time is waiting for her husband and children to return.

Her home is quiet. Quiet and clean. Quiet and clean and smiling like warm air. Everything is in place. Everything is perfect. The only thing missing is a family.

Five o'clock comes and goes. So does six. It gets dark. She waits.

Finally, she hears a cat. A moment later, the front door bursts open.

"The Man"

She aches. She smiles.

**7 days. Best!**

laundry later, JoAnn could use a day to herself.

buildings on the far bank. "New Albany," Scott announced, "and Floyd Kache is somewhere over there in the clouds."

He drives through downtown, past a furniture store with a sign at the window that reads "CLEARANCE!" "That sign has been there since I was growing up," he says. He goes past the place where he and JoAnn had their wedding reception ("It's bankrupt, the owner had a wrecked homebuag"), past one of the homes where he grew up ("The woman next door has cancer now"), to the Golden Valley Convalescent Center, where his father, sick with Parkinson's disease, is being fed lunch.

"How's Dad?" Scott asks his mother, who visits the nursing home every afternoon.

"He had a bad night three nights ago," she says.  
"Huh? Serious?"

"They had to give him a shot."

Scott puts his arm around his father's shoulder and

says, "Everything's going fine," slow and loud. His better looks at him and wants to say something, and Scott moves closer, so his ear is next to his father's mouth. He waits, not at all impatient. Sometimes the words come out, sometimes they don't. The time, they don't, so Scott moves away, smiles, and says, "Everything's going well."

The ducks' life matches the 11 a woman who has been taking care of a somebody on dementia since the became an adult. First she took care of his children, then, eight years past ago, her husband got sick and she began taking care of him. Sometimes, as he grew sicker, friends would ask her out, but she would say no, she had to be moving with her husband, he depended on her. Every morning she would wake him, kiss him, every afternoon she would wash his hair, and at every night she would put him to bed and worry about the next day. She would be afraid to go to bed, she would be able to stand. Eventually the day came, she put him to bed, and he fell, cutting up his head. So she kept him in the nursing home and had been coming every day since. Feeding him lunch, leaving with his dirty linen.



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# BETRAYED

A story of two wives  
and many lies

SAT DOWN. I WAS THERE FIRST. I had the solo seat, and I was doing some reading for work, and I glanced up, and he was coming to the seat, and I thought, *How nice.* He sat down and nodded hello, and I just nodded and went back to reading, but I guess I immediately became aware that he was attractive. He was my kind of man: He was a man of substance, and I don't automatically mean material substance. But you could just look right away and know there was something there. "Anyway, we started talking around the time the flight attendants began serving drinks. We talked very easily. I'll call him Tim. He told me he lived in L.A., and I told him that I was just going for work. He's in the business of banking, and we spent time talking about that. He's recently divorced, and I let him know right away I was married. Anyway, it was really a very easy, very pleasant conversation. There weren't awkward moments of silence. It flowed. And of course my thoughts turned to fantasy. And when it was time to hush our seat belts, he offered to drive me to my

*Photograph by Jeffery Newbury*

I turned into a coalescence, a vibrant, sitting in my dark office, asking sexual questions in a clinical tone.

BY LISA GRUNWALD  
*Photographs by Jeffery Newbury*





hand, and I screamed. And lo and behold, he had a real sex drive.

"On the way to the hotel, he said that he'd like to see me again, and how did I feel about it? And I said, 'Well, I am married.' I never gave anybody the impression that this is something I do. It's just not good business. So I was somewhat coy and reluctant. And I gave him the opportunity to be somewhat persistent, and of course I told him that I wasn't sure what my schedule would be, or how much free time I was really going to have. He wanted to go and get a beer right then, and I said that was one of the questions because I really had to do some work. I really did, and also it's not my style. It was around twenty—basically this person having all these affairs—how I don't jump into these things. I don't, as a rule, have one-night stands. I really do have to be committed to the guy. So we made some tentative plans for the following night, but of course I knew that I was going to keep them."

"Part of the excitement for me is being pursued, being seduced. Because I think no matter how great a marriage is, that's one of the elements that sort of fades away. Your husband doesn't really pursue you and seduce you, I mean, maybe some do, but I would think that as time goes by, it's more like, Okay, I'll meet you at the hotel on twenty seconds. Sex becomes the thing you do before you go to sleep."

THIS IS A STORY ABOUT BETRAYAL. I didn't know it would be about betrayal when I started. When I started, I thought it would be about adultery, which is in some ways a far less complicated idea. Adultery is the product of fire, deceit, and conscious choice; betrayal is its ash. When I started, I didn't understand the unsalvageable nature of this relationship.

Some of my best female adulterers. Last summer, inexplicably, they all started coming work. Over long-distance phone lines and melting cord coffee, I heard about neglect, indifference, stagnation, sloppiness, pressure, lust, self-hatred, nervous, first kisses, long looks, repression, and disappointments in other words: girl talk.

I decided that the myth of female fidelity was principally a male myth.

"Look to thy wife, observe her well." That was how Lady told Othello to think twice about Desdemona. I wanted to write an article that would explore his advice.

My friends' stories were perfect—except that they were my friends'—and so I set about trying to find a woman whose story I could present. I looked for about a month, but I found no one willing to risk it. Finally I did what millions of people have done when the hope of meeting the right person through chance or through friends dries up. I placed an ad in the personals. The ad said:

Met an affair? If an interviewing woman who has for an article about adultery. Use a fake name if you like and call Lisa Grunwald at *Esquire* magazine.

The ad ran only one time, for one week. More than seventy women answered it. At a certain point, my assistant and I simply stopped counting the calls.

Most of the women were guilty, controversial, speaking in hushed tones from room phones. They seemed to be impressed by something that they could neither understand nor control. Others were lush and bored. The first one, in fact, was however, all her rage and her years of providing having sex to me. "I hope the bastard finds out," she said when I asked her about her husband. I could picture her sitting in hotel bars, looking for someone and revenge.

"I was a virgin when I got married," another one said, "and I just didn't want to do without having fucked someone else."

**Adultery is the product of fire, deceit, and conscious choice. Betrayal is its ash. When I started the story, I didn't know that.**

Their rooms formed a strange chorus:

"I did it because I was bored."

"I did it because I was bored."

"I did it to make myself feel more attractive."

"All my girlfriends have had affairs."

"Everyone needs someone, and I didn't get that too often."

"When the realities of marriage come into play, the fantasies come into play."

"I wore my nicotinic clothes, but I had planned my nicotinic night before. My husband and he liked how I looked. God, I felt guilty. I told you."

"It was just it was perfect. It was great. I've never once regretted it."

"I didn't really look up to him, but hey, he was great in bed."

"I'm calling you from a pay phone. You're the first person I've ever called to share this."

One woman was a lesbian. Two were married to gay men. Several had found out their husbands were cheating. Some were married to alcoholics, one had been beaten, one was divorced. Most of them were in their twenties or thirties. None of them sounded like my friends. They were either too gleeful or too pensive, and I thought that their age and backgrounds would make them seem too safely distant from our readers' lives.

WISSEN WAS THE twenty-five-year-old, and she was neither guilty nor angry. She was articulate and sophisticated. When I asked her difficult questions, she gave me simple answers. Her voice was clipped and efficient, and she chose her words deliberately. She said she was a law major, but she had had plenty to say by League culture. She worked, but would only describe her profession as doctor, lawyer, or business. She had been married for ten years, she said, and lived with her husband and daughter on the Upper West Side of Manhattan. She told me that for the last eight years, she had had what she called sexual affairs. When

"To be honest," Susan said, "I did have a fantasy of my husband reading about my exploits in this magazine. You know, it's kind of known, but he wouldn't know."

Lisa Grunwald is features editor of *Esquire*.

that meant was that she wanted a lot of business, and several times a year she would hire an out-of-town trip. Her husband knew nothing about this. There was no reason why he should, she said. She said that she had a great marriage.

She told me that she had a great marriage ever since the first other she'd had, in Rome. Eight years of marriage.

She told me her husband subscribed to Esquire. That was striking, too. "To be honest," she said, "when I saw the ad, I did have a fantasy of my husband reading about my exploits in a magazine. You know, he'd know, but he wouldn't know." It was clear from the way she said it that she deeply relished the danger.

There was something else she said that made me think she was perfect for the story. "To me," she said, "what I do is the same thing that men have done for so long. If I know I'm not going to get emotionally involved, and I know that I love my husband, then what's the harm? It's not as if I fall in love with these guys. It's purely physical. My husband doesn't know, and it's not hurting him."

This is the one, I started thinking, already wondering, as I scribbled notes, when she would talk to me again, when she would meet me, when I could meet her in person. Our readers would not dismiss her,

I thought. She could have been any one of those women.

#### SO OUR GAME BEGAN.

"I think I might like to talk to you again," I said, as casually as possible. "Would that be all right with you?"

She said, "Oh, yes. Do you think you might want to get out in the article?"

I told her I didn't know you and that we'd need to talk some more. I said I had assumed I'd need to write a companion piece, but that if I found one woman who was totally willing to give me a lot of time, one woman whose story was really interesting, I might want to make her the sole focus of the article.

"I'd have no problem giving you time," I said. "When can I call you?"

"Oh, no. It's not good if you call me," she said. "I'll call you again tomorrow."

THERE AREN'T THAT many times in life when something extraordinary is headed to you, and though by a state's standards I am a very lucky person, some bad things have happened to me—enough so that I read to be suspicious of great good fortune. But I am at least a reluctant sleeper, and eventually I rose and hope always was not, the worse they murder. I'm going to get a break after all. I felt that way when I saw

my husband. I felt that way when I got my present job. I felt that way about Susan too. I'd done nothing to deserve the great luck of meeting a woman whose language and access to my journalistic needs so well. She probably wouldn't call back, I thought, but I knew then if she did, then I would try to make the most of it.

THE DIDN'T PHONE used 4:00 the next day.

"I'm glad you called," I told her. "Did you think I wouldn't?"

"I didn't know."

She explained that she worked half days and was usually free by 4:00, but that the best time to talk would be 4:00 or 5:00, when her daughter was eating dinner and her husband was still at work.

It is legal in New York State to record telephone conversations without asking permission. But that had phone call, Susan asked that I not tape her. She said she didn't want anyone but me to listen to what she was going to say. She also said that she'd never talked about her affairs to anyone.

MY STUDY AT HOME is a shadowy room, dark and a little squeaky, with only one lamp, which sits on the desk. I started there at 7:00 on the evening of September

13, my word processor up and running with an empty file labeled *THUNDER*, the name I'd chosen. I wrote before me, a cigarette burning. I watched the phone.

When it rang, and Susan started talking, I took notes on the computer; the phone seemed against my left shoulder, and for the next two months, as we spoke several times a week, my back always hurt a little from that position, and my evenings belonged mostly to me not to my husband. If she said the best time to talk was 7:00, then we talked at 7:00.

How much detail would I want, she asked in my first long interview began.

"Everything," I said. "Everything?"

"Sure."

"Because this can go pretty graphic," she warned me.

"Graphic is good," I told her.

Her voice was the voice of a sixth-grade homecoming queen. She had a deep, sultry kind of voice, a voice that said rules and manners, politeness, control, and self-assertion. It was hard to believe that her idea of graphic wouldn't be any idea of euphemism.

"Well, it'll be easier if you ask me questions," she said. "I'll answer everything. Anything. But it's hard to know what level of detail you're really looking for."

She did answer everything. Anything, I turned into a notebook, a clerk, sitting in my dark office, asking sexual questions in a clinical tone. I offered quite acknowledging comments as she struggled to give precise answers, so if the things she was describing didn't concern the one part of life that is my experience had almost been blindingly true of a need for passion.

"Did you compare post-levens' bodies with your husband's?" I asked.

"Yes, and I wrote a lot about the differences in my journal."

"Like what?"

"I would write notes on the way different men had different organs—just the crudest sorts of things."

"Like what?"

"The amount of noise they made, were they generous, were they mean, were they silent, how different men tasted, the different things they said, how somebody carried to the left or somebody had this odd shape."

We talked for half an hour about the night of her first affair. "I remember one thing that struck me," she said. "His wasn't unusual. And that's something I'd never seen in person. And that stands out, when I think back."

"Did you like that?"

"It was exciting."

"Why?"

"I was doing something forbidden. He was somebody new. It was great."

He had insisted that she undress him, she had had some trouble undressing him. Her small nocturnal, her awkward details, made me imagine everything, even the things that she didn't describe.

She told me about her schedule of travel, her upper middle-class childhood, her so-called life. She talked about her anxiety. "If someone talks an odd color joke in my office," she said, "they make apologies to me. They only consider me proper and proper if they only know."

She told me about her summer house on the Cape, her childhood in New York. She was wealthy. She married a lot later. She had a maid and a cook.

Not until the end of our talk did I ask her how she felt about her husband, believing that the recollection of how might make her feel guilty, might rub her past.

How can a journalist not admit that an interview is a seduction? Tell me tell me tell me, you think. "I tell me before you realize that you're telling me, just tell me. You're a teenage girl in a drive-in. You know only that you want to score, and you don't really know what you'll feel afterward."

It was a measure of the nature I brought to this story that I believed I was the seducer,

# "Days of Thunder" is a motion picture about a driver, his car and the will to win.



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and that to ask Susan about her husband would be like asking the girl at the drive-in what her parents thought about sex.

She didn't seem to blush. "My husband's very bright," she said. "I think he's very attractive. I find him attractive, and I think women do, most of my female friends do. He dresses well, he's well read, he has a very dry sense of humor. One of the things that I love about him is that he's the voice of a man who he's with."

I asked her if she'd ever been in danger of falling in love with another man.

"There have been guys I thought I could fall in love with," she said, "but there's never been danger. I absolutely adore my husband."

I asked her if he had been faithful.

"He's never had an affair," she said. "He's not the type. Of course, well, he thinks I'm not the type. But I've become sort of an expert, and if I pick up on it, I'm a killer. I can tell. And the reverse isn't true. He's always been honest, always where he's supposed to be. Which is kind of nice, I'd tell him if he had an affair. I guess I do feel the way men say they feel. I know there's nothing emotional when I have an affair, and I don't mean I love my husband any less, and if he were to have an affair, I wouldn't know what that meant."

I asked her if he was had in bed.

She said that their sex life was wonderful.

WHAT EMERGED, even in that first week, was the sense of an adulterously different loom when the word compared. She didn't seem to be looking for love, or looking for Mr. Goodbar. She wasn't the ventral type either, it seemed: the type with the painted nails and the brittle hair, and the need coming off her along with the perfume. Not was she the neighbor's wife, the only one who wouldn't rush for a cover-up when she climbed out of a pool. If the way she spoke I'd heard or read about, then she was probably like Madame Bovary, with the same cool detachment, and the same need for excitement, and the same secret contempt for men.

"I HAD HAD PLANS with Tim for my second night in L.A., and he picked me up at my hotel. It's amazing when you go out with a man and it's his city, he will always—well, very often—he'll go somewhere where they have one bar. Well, Tim was known at Spago, and we were properly seated, and I of course made it as if I was properly impressed with the fact that he was properly seated.

"He asked me in the course of dinner if I had ever had an affair. And of course I

looked down and said no. And he said, 'Tim, I'm sorry.' I said, 'Why? We're not in bed. We're in a table at Spago. You're a very interesting man, but I love my husband very much.' And he said, 'Well, you're having dinner with me. Your husband certainly wouldn't be happy about that.' I said,

"Well, I think he'd be a little unhappy if we were in bed. After all, maybe we're having dinner because I think you're a prospective client." That brought a little frown to his brow, and then I assured him that I had absolutely no business interest in him at all.

"He wanted to know if we could get together Tuesday night, and I told him I didn't think it was possible, but I'd probably be going back and forth over the next month, and that I wasn't opposed to seeing him again.

"He drove me back to the hotel and asked me if it would be all right if he kissed me goodnight. And I said, 'Well, that seems fairly business.' And so we kissed—over a wonderful wet sloppy kiss, but a sort of lip-pierced sort of kiss, and I felt:

"I'll definitely see him next weekend, I feel myself very attracted to him. It's nice, and the reverse is just very exciting to me. He's not really good shape. He's slim. I imagine he's a very slow lover, and the reason I imagine that is because of the way he has his

body moved—very graceful. Long legs. He's really tall. He's got very long fingers. Probably a good dancer. I've always wondered if the other women, when they're dining someone, do they worry about that? Do you?"

I HAD BEEN HARBORED about a year and a half when Susan and I began our conversation. She asked me about myself and my marriage many times in the course of our talks. Sometimes I didn't answer her, and sometimes I answered her honestly, and sometimes I answered her in ways that were designed to elicit more trust and more confidence.

I would tell her that no, I hadn't had an affair and didn't think I ever would, but then I'd say something like, "But of course I've only been married a year"—as if I believed that my marriage was a passing phase and not, as it really is, the core of my personality as unchangeable as my teeth and my curiosity about people.

I frankly cannot remember everything I said to her, because I was typing her words, not my own, and when I look at the transcript now, I see some of her questions—How often do you and your husband make love? How many men have you slept with? Is your husband the best lover you've ever had? Do you like wearing

lacy lingerie? Do you fantasize about other men?—and I shudder a little at the memory of believing that I was the one doing the manipulating.

At the time she asked those questions, I believed that she was looking for reassurance and, in fact, for a safe female friend. I thought that she was lonely, in the way that people who tell lies sometimes are. "It's wonderful to talk about this stuff," she said once. "You know, aside from the men I've slept with, there's really only one other person who knows. That's you."

Once she asked me, finally, how I felt about what she was doing. Generally I told her that I didn't know what I felt, which was rarely true, or that what I felt was irrelevant, which was—and had to be—wrong. I told her the simple I planned to write would not be a judgment of her, but a history. I believed that if that was any judgment involved, it would be a last judgment of men like Susan's husband, men who lacked the imagination to see what was possible.

THE SECOND RULE developed as we went along. I was not to have her phone number, and not to copy out talks. She was not to harbor second thoughts, or change her mind without warning me. "I'll never just disappear," she said once. "If I want to stop, I'll tell you."

Fairly early on, I told her that if she was going to be the sole focus of the article I then intended to write, I would have to meet her at some point, have to know her real name, her job, have to see her parents and may need of proof she could either do she wasn't going to sue. "Your worst nightmare is that I'd get all this without divulging your identity," I said. "My worst nightmare is that you're pulling some disconcerting move, and when the article is published, it'll turn out that you work for some other magazine, or you'll come forward to say how my story is manipulated the press."

She laughed but she understood. She said she would tell me her real name when we met. "I want you," she said. "I'm very good about people. But I'll still want to look you in the eye before I tell you."

I said on several different ways to push her for the writing. She had told me once that she'd had a writing with a model; the latter learned had heard in an issue of *Playboy*. She'd never seen the issue, she'd said, and when I'd asked her why the issue's publisher called for a back issue, she'd said, "Right, and where would I have them read it?" So I'd gotten a copy of the magazine, and I kept saying I would give it to her when we had our meeting.

She never took the bait. She was happy (continued on page 124)

# So is this motion picture.

Chevy Lumina Coupe. There are a lot of couples in America.

In fact, you can't drive a Chevy Lumina without feeling like you're in a movie. And like you're doing for the first time ever. And there's also a Lumina Lumina Coupe for the first time, because we had to make it be confined to the women's circle. From its healthy 3.1 liter V-6 engine, it's in the Chevy line—inspired, not suspended.

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The Heartbeat  
OF AMERICA IS WINNING.  
JOHN'S CHEVROLET





MONUMENTAL MARGARITAS.



CIRO'S GOLD MAKES IT

TOP PHOTO

# THE 100 BEST WIVES OF ALL TIME

Mothers, daughters, sisters, and wives of Esquire employees are ineligible. The decision of the judges is final. Void where prohibited

## WIFE OF THE PARTY

Constance Agnew  
Clare Boothe Luce  
Sarah Beatty  
Tipper Gore  
Joyce Kilmer  
Ethel Kennedy  
Nina Gold  
Rita Hayworth  
Mrs. David Brown  
Anne Glen  
Rose Kennedy



Elizabeth Taylor  
Rita Hayworth



## PIT FOR A KING

A Josephine Bonaparte  
Queen Victoria  
Princess  
Cecilia Scott King  
Penelope (Mrs. Odysseus)  
Eleanor of Aquitaine  
Wallis Simpson



**FIRST WIVES**

Eleanor Roosevelt  
Dolley Madison  
Abigail Adams  
Minnie Eisenhower  
Eva  
Catherine of Aragon

**CLASS ACTS**

George C. Katsis  
John  
Lee Remick  
Happy Rockefeller  
Brooks Astor  
Jacqueline Kennedy  
John Child



Clara Schumann  
Constance Maxwell  
Louisa Lyon  
Dorothy Rodgers  
Dorothy Hammerstein  
Anne Jackson  
Marilyn McCoo  
Lyne Fontaine  
Louisa Childer

**POETRY IN MOTION**

Gene Kelly  
Yusef Kallagher  
Nancy Lopez  
Dance Mergat Fontaine  
Elizabeth Barrett Browning

**WYTER WIVES**

Elizabeth Peron  
Lucy Ricardo  
Lady Bird Johnson  
Isabel Bonder  
Just Ace  
Hilary Barry  
The Land  
Marie Curie

**STRANGE BUT TRUE**

Irma Trump  
Tommy Page Barker  
Cia-Cia-San  
Clintia Williams  
Pat Buckley  
Joy Adamson  
Lee Hare

**ANIMATED WIVES**

Jane Finkel  
Grace Allen  
Fay Emily  
Blonde Bonanza  
Wilma Houston  
Belle of Frankenstein

**BRITISH WIVES**

Emma Bryant  
Mona Joyce  
Linda Luman  
Emma Bonny  
Jane Eyre  
Kathleen White  
Max Tabor  
Ard Duxon  
Mrs. Chips  
George F. Post



John Morrow Ludlow  
Rosa Syron  
The Wife of Esh  
Ann Buchanan

**6000  
BOOK-OR WIVES**

Smith  
Zipporah



THE ABSOLUTE BEST WIFE OF OUR TIME  
Alice Kramden—Foley, You're the Lovecat

**IT'S A  
WONDERFUL WIFE**

Mary Emily  
Marion Nelson  
Joanne Woodward  
Margaret Anderson  
Florida Evans  
Gene Krawcheck  
Anne Bancroft



Laura Foster  
Loray Foster  
Vicki Leiser  
Mary Livingston Brown  
Betty White  
Joey Barrow  
Mrs. Munster  
Jessica Tandy



Saturday Night Live's  
Nora Dunn as...

# THE FOUR WIVES OF THE APOCALYPSE

Photographs by Pat Harbron

If you persist  
in clinging  
to these rotten  
stereotypes,  
you probably  
deserve to  
live out your life  
with one



## THE BOMBON WIFE

*S*he isn't her plastic surgeon as the person to call in an emergency... She may have children, but when asked their ages, she'll say, "Oh, not very old."... She is a perfectionist, and will keep a table of exotic snoring or their errors while her is sent back for sea-sailing for the fourth time... She used to be a brat, she used to be weird... If you divorce her, she will complain to everyone that she now has to travel to commercial outlets... When her Seven Sisters make her up for a contribution, she sends a Giorgio Armani gift certificate... She is only responsible for her own sequins.



## THE ORGANIC WIFE

*S*he lives in an ecologically correct town. Seattle, or perhaps Tain... When she wakes, she glows... When she is not baking, she spends her time designing clothing made of natural fibers, or donating politically challenging children's books... She makes her own dairy from goats tomatoes grown in her garden, and what she doesn't eat, she serves... Her currants and cousin your growth as if you were a withered arid, keeping upon you mismanagement as if it were leukemia... When she grips, she goes with it... You feel tiny in her shadow, but the feeling is good.



#### ATTILA THE WIFE

**T**his is her house, run by her rules, which you read, if you say you'll be home for dinner by 6:00, you are, or it's cheese toast for you....Dust, grime, and disaster rise screaming from her presence, as do you whenever you are....Not that you don't love her, even though when you smoke, you do so surreptitiously....The kitchen is her bunker and everything in it is organized by height and expiration date....Come *Amazigadon*, you could have your last and make casserole for a solid month....Her cat has no odor and makes no mess, because it's been kept in the freezer for the past four years.



#### ROBOWIFE

**T**he highest form of human life yet evolved....She earns more money than you do, because, honestly, she's worth more than you are. This enables her to make all the decisions, including the kids' names, the message on your answering machine, and when you must sleep on the couch....She buys her *Armado* through a personal shopper, but works with her....She runs your household very efficiently, from whatever cellular phone is closest....She treats you well, but only between 10:00 P.M. and 10:05 P.M. every second Thursday, when she will enjoy her postnatal cigarette, whether you've been there or not.



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We invite you to discover how we and our wines have come of age.





# Those Gilded Moments

ONE LAST LOOK BACK AT THAT GLORIOUS TIME WHEN A WIFE COULD BE A TROPHY AS WELL AS A WIFE...

The Time Georgette Mosbacher Got Some Feedback

I WAS GETTING LATE, and the doors at Le Cirque were starting to rattle out. Many of them stopped at Georgette Mosbacher's table to pay their respects before leaving, their silver-streaked bouffant curls flowing like gentle clouds above their heads. ■ Georgette held her breath when the new Elton Luther rose from a nearby table and moved toward her, surrounded by her entourage. Luther paused to say hello, then moved off again, a venerable hairbrush flanked by destroyers. ■ "There goes the woman I admire most in the world," said Georgette, sweet and delighted. ■ Finally, Barbara Walters was standing in front of her, all smiles. "I'm wearing your foundation," she said, patting her hollow cheek. "I've had it on since this morning, and I've got to tell you, it's fabulous. Consider me as one of your endowments." ■ As Walters walked out, Georgette's eyes filled with tears. ■ "That's why I work," she said proudly.

Photographs by Mary Ellen Mark

## The Day Gayfryd Steinberg Begged Off

**T**HE WOMAN HAD COME as a supplicant, to ask Gayfryd Steinberg to help her organization, to lend the glamour of her name and her presence or, failing that, simply to write a check. They seated her in the library, one of thirty-four rooms in the Park Avenue complex that once belonged to John D. Rockefeller Jr. It was a home filled with old masters, priceless sculptures, rare canoes, exquisite porcelain, petcock feathers, piles of sumptuously bound art books. ■ Gayfryd, curt and efficient as an IRS attorney, interrupted the woman's description of the wonderful poems her ghetto children had written to snap "What's your finding? What's on your board? You've received no grants? How long have you been around?" ■ When the woman began to ramble, Gayfryd impatiently finished her sentences. Finally she asked, "What is it, exactly, that you want?" ■ The woman warned Gayfryd. ■ Gayfryd sat back in her chair, folded her hands, and smiled kindly "My plate is pretty full already," she said "I get requests from hundreds of people each year, and you just can't do everything. I have three children who will be homeless if I don't settle down a bit."





## The Afternoon Carolyn Roehm Reflected on Fate

W

HILE THE WORLD, Carolyn Roehm abscondedly twiddled her both brows and checked herself in the face-reflecting mirror concerning one wrinkle of her nose. She spent much of the day trying to one design of hair after another. "I love this down because it's pretty without being goopy," she said at one point. "You know me, I hate goo." ■ Working straight through lunch, Carolyn solved an accounting problem brilliantly. But the shadows were visible under her eyes. Between her days of work and her nights of charity events—and her persistence in waking up at 6 a.m. to practice piano—her life could be pretty exhausting. ■ But it did have its moments. The weekend before, she and Henry Kraus had attended Gayfryd Steinberg's party for Soul. "We danced and danced and danced," she reminisced. "Look," she said, laughing and defiantly looking off one expensive sling-back to show the Soul-Aid on her toe. "I still have blisters." ■ "There we were at Gayfryd's table," she said. "Nancy and Frank Richardson, Susan and Carter Borden, Georgette and Bob Moskowitz, Gayfryd and myself, I mean it was..." She was momentarily overcome with emotion. "Anyway, here we all were, and I looked around, and all the women were very attractive, and they all had successful husbands, and I was listening to the wonderful band music and looking at this incredible environment that Gayfryd and her discourse had created, and I thought"—her voice sank to prayer level—"We are truly lucky. We are truly lucky." ■



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# THE TWELVE VIRTUES OF THE *Perfect Wife*

...And why she'd  
make a damned good Boy Scout

BY STANLEY BING



1. **She's trustworthy.** Can be depended upon even to humiliate you with all the dirty proverbs that, if they become common knowledge, would compel you to jump in front of a milk truck. Perhaps you suck your tooth while staring. Maybe you simply must have worn Jell-O with all sorts before eating. Then that's what happened last night, when you laid what you later discovered to be water as "a very accident" in the Indian restaurant. Imagine if the child's be relied upon to keep that kind of thing in secret!
2. **She's neat!** Blind to the shortcomings you tried to recalcitrate. Even when you reach the point where you need to toss your pants somewhere below your pants, home simply is a low room for your girls, so her you are beautiful.
3. **She's helpful!** Happy to cook something when you come home from the office with a man-not-hunger. Doesn't mind washing a few dishes, or even a great many, while you regard the interesting news about appetite from from Henry and David. Often, while you are dining before the video fire, you make to find her crunched at her favorite chair, unable to sleep until she has seen that some women come you, the house postage power dirt. Every Saturday morning, she takes her children to gymnastics, puts updrops off all day cleaning-related chores (dishes, whatnot), shops for alcoholic beverages and personal hygiene utensils, while you are at home and drill holes in a board.
4. **She's friendly.** Willing to drop everything and have tea with you, even when you have just come in all fresh and away from the garden, filled with hat and leaves.
5. **She's courteous.** Wouldn't dream of eating popcorn on your movie conspiracy when the smoke detector goes off in the middle of the night and you rip it completely off the wall and throw it keeping out the window, when a simple design of batteries would have done the trick.
6. **She's kind.** Allows you to eat one last fast egg omelet after you get back that apo-theolateral count, spends hours each and every day wrestling silently with the question, "How can I make my Stanley's like this?"
7. **She's obedient.** Knows that when you're right you're right. Also knows that when you're wrong you're right, when she's wrong you're right, and when she's right, it's more job is not to guess the water.

8. **She's cheerful.** Goes about her many duties whistling, enthusiastic that you were ahead and toward The Game of Ninjas for the fifth time when you specifically indicated, before leaving home, that you would look for something you both could enjoy, like An Unusual Woman, Women on the Edge of a Nervous Breakdown, A Woman Under the Influence, Women in Love, The Women, The Women, A Woman, Women in the Game, and Diary of a Mad Housewife. "I'll put popcorn in the microwave, hon," she says, giving you hand a little squeeze.
9. **She's thrifty.** Now that you are making better money, she's stopped hearing her, but she's still always looking to save that extra piece of money she just might need to do her plan (not just, which she got at Lorraine's after a few struggle. And even though usually forced by the demands of good taste to spend \$1,000 on a new new rag for the layer, the woman knows how to save out a light when she leaves a room.
10. **She's brave.** Doesn't care about snakes at breakfast meat, or the fact that the contents of anything bathroom. Not that she doesn't go a dance about your physical well being. Being brave means taking the big things, sometimes even going to go to go.
11. **She's clean.** Always ready to clean things, that's her. Floors, light fixtures, windows, walls, draper pulls, dishes, stains, cups and crumblers, pans encrusted with melted cheese, couches encrusted with Billy Fury, carpets sporting brightest blooms of earthy dirt, and, sometimes, you the back of your neck, the small of your back, you have. You stand at—! she says it, she wants to leave it sparkling, good, she's clean!
12. **She's correct.** When you come home at 10:00 o'clock for the first time in eight months and tell us why with your cheek against the cool bathroom tile, she will never look you proudly about the legs and buttocks, as running, "Gee and you sleep!" With a certain awe and dread, and some compassion, she brings you a pillow and blanket to make sure you are comfortable with your head in the towel. Then, huddled in the night of the windowless that you yourself have made, she refuses to leave you in worship of your pillow, every day. **B**

Stanley Bing is a  
contributing editor  
of *Esquire*. His  
columns, *The First Sex*,  
appears each month.

## ENTER THE MUSE

In praise  
of the literary wife

JOAN DIDION

**W**E WERE IN LOVE with each other for a long time before we were in love. Friends for six years but always knowing to other voices in other rooms. Being as like gets you through the bad patches when love is strained. But of course we didn't know that then. We met at a

drinks party one night when I brought alcohol home to the one-room basement apartment she was sharing, more or less, with a voice of her own, a close friend until we stopped

speaking for whatever reason twenty years later. We had red beans and rice, the woman I was with passed out, and then passed out of my life into marriage, chronic adultery, and divorce in Switzerland. It was years before I spent the night, by then she had graduated to a two-room walk-up on the edge of Spanish Harlem. The bed creaked as the canvas it was like falling into a cure.

We got together when I read the galley of her first novel. We had a celebration lunch at a place on South Street. Her other was out of town. It happened. In the arch of the day, I told her one weekend on Fire Island that we would get married if she got pregnant. She didn't, we decided never married anyway. Did I ask her or she me? There are moments when we each blame the other. Our engagement was announced on the contributors' page of the *National Review*, where we both first landed. The day she bought her wedding dress, at Kennedy's in San Francisco, was the day John Kennedy's motorcade drove into Dealey Plaza in Dallas, just the Texas School Book Depository. The dress had no back, it was miraculously easy. A few years later, Roman Polanski

accidentally spilled a dose of it and went on it, as a party to let her for Sharon Tate.

She wore sunglasses throughout the afternoon the day we got married, at the late mission church in San Juan Capistrano, California, she also wore through the main ceremony. My younger brother was my best man, he later committed suicide. My fourteen-year-old niece was the flower girl, she was later murdered. As we walked down the aisle, we promised each other that we could get out of this mess week and not want each other did as guests. That promise was the bedrock of the marriage. I cannot imagine life without her, the other men look up over decades, the quick almost when nothing is said, and women are implied. I wrote this on our twenty-sixth wedding anniversary, she thinks it is reasonably discreet. In keeping with our bedrock principle, I don't know if we will make it another year, or twenty-seven, but whatever, it's been a great try. I remember a day in Paris, high in the Piacentini Bar in Champs-Élysées. We are trying to think of an episode for our twentieth, and come up with thirty-two-and-a-half. We've had a hell of a good time. ☐

**John Gregory Dunne**

is a frequent contributor to *Esquire*. His latest book, *Harp*, was recently published by Simon & Schuster.

BY JOHN GREGORY DUNNE

Photographs by Michael Tighe





## KRISTINA FORD

**T**HE ILLEGIBLE is who about Kristina, I know that, but I just want to say this about me as a way of getting closer to the subject: I'm one of those guys to whom other men—pudick! like New York's hairy-chested types with how ties, and big ol' lead-telling, pin-brooch, heavy-shoulder Delta boys, too—are always saying, "How in the world did a guy like you ever get a woman like this to agree to marry you?" To this question I have put forth a lot of answers—risky things like "What did you think, that she'd marry you?" Or, "There

must be something about me that isn't quite apparent." Or, "Everybody always gets what he deserves." That sort of answer. But it's insulting to be accounted for your good luck by some guy with a boring wife or a dumb one or an evil tempered one, or by some guy who's "washed" and he had his early career guide me, but some kids don't realize out there in the world—those guys, all whom the world is full and getting fuller and to whom my heart goes out, but whom I'm unable to reach. Hey! I got lucky. I'm not gloating, but how can I feel bad? Anybody with any brains knows design is always just the matter of luck.

It's a risk, of course, to praise someone. That's why so few people do it. You risk drawing critical attention from yourself, for one thing. You also risk exposing your praise as hollow and selfish, or exposing your judgment as faulty or revealing as guilty of liking the wrong things in people or of making admission for creeping tend and self-indulgence. There's almost no way, in fact, that praising somebody doesn't leave a tender flesh exposed. Hence, in fact, can be a sort of no-win situation for the praiser, and God certainly knows it's even dearer for me to praise women now, since everything we do is suspect.

I, of course, have been accused of not liking women. Almost all men get accused of that eventually—by somebody who doesn't like us, or by somebody we've been mean and cruel to, or by somebody (just on women) who doesn't like anybody and just decides to say that. I've always taken cover from this charge in the fact that Kristina wouldn't have me around the house if I disliked women. She's nobody's fool. And in spite of having an advanced degree in an obscure and difficult women's issue—major misapprehension in men's testimony, she doesn't willingly let people condescend to her. Anybody who knows her knows that, including me. So I think I'm on safe ground saying I don't dislike women just women

Self, if you want to do some praising, you just have to abandon all hope and praise away.

Much that's worth saying out about Kristina will be immediately apparent from the accompanying picture. She's extraordinarily beautiful. (That's not actual praise, I know, but who wouldn't be happy to be married to an extraordinarily beautiful woman if they had the choice, and preferred women to start with?) Sorry to Kristina's case must, however, from something within her that this photograph doesn't make, even if she's not smiling. She's no opera singer, a person who's good to take the high line of sight all her life, to do good in the world and hope for good and do so know. She's a woman who continually thinks you and she have a lot in common and who means to like you, who'll laugh at your jokes (even occasionally take credit for it), go with you to the ball game and give and take advice in the middle of the night. She's a Democrat, a quick read, good at math, scores high on all standardized tests, and remains undevoted by terms of dependency. She doesn't compete with faced on face, and knows when to keep her own counsel. And when she walks into any room your heart leaps, whether you know her or not. In a normal life full of uncertainty, she seems absolute.

I'm not going much any further, into the unenvied subjects of love and marriage. Just announce I wouldn't get it right, after I know enough about those subjects to realize they're—two ways at least—compassionate to serving somebody. You make them up as you go along, and if you could refine them to an apothegm (a good listener, a good heart, a good year of light, you wouldn't want to get involved. But I've been involved with Kristina for a long time—twenty years. It's nothing to brag about, you look. And I can simply say that she has always been the person I would want to be if I did not have to be myself. She is my model in the world. □

BY RICHARD FORD

**Richard Ford** has written often for *Esquire*. His new novel, *Wildlife*, will be published this month by the Atlantic Monthly Press.

## JANICE STONE

EVERYONE WANTED to go out with the girls who worked at the Figue

But the girls who worked at the Figue, who wore black leotards, barbarian sandals, and Egyptian jewelry, had no time for us. We were hardly older than they were. Like them, we were Americans from Poland and Canada. The girls who worked at the Figue wanted to go out with hoodlum poets from Massachusetts or Abstract expressionists. They were afraid of being bored. ■ One day we were at the Figue and my friend said, "Do you see that waitress?" ■ And I turned around very coolly, because in those days cool was all,

and I looked. What a great-looking young woman, I thought.

"I know her," said my friend. "She's in my writing class."

"Get," I said, "she's more looking."

"You," said my friend. "I think she's part Indian. Or part Eskimo."

Later, she and I were in the same writing class. We both worked nights, and she had two jobs. On one she was a gymnasium guide at the RCA Building. When she got off, she would go and wait tables at the Seven Arts Cafe on Ninth Avenue. Kurosawa, Ginsberg, and James Baskie all read there while she was a waitress. I had a job at the opposite end of Forty-second Street, as a copyboy on the Daily Mirror. When I got off at 1:30 in the morning I would walk over to Ninth and hang out at the Seven Arts and listen in the readings. I read there myself once, on an amateur night, or whatever it was called.

Sometimes musicians came in and played. Sometimes we went to Highland, a few blocks away. One night we caught John Coltrane at a late set at Highland. Miles Davis played with Coltrane then. We did all manner of things. The city was, at the song poets, a wordless toy.

The young waitress, whom I married, turned out to be not an Indian or an Eskimo but a Hun by descent. I was drawn to her because her way of being had some quality of the forms, a sense of great strength and reality underneath a covering of unequaled. It was in her walk and in everything about her. She seemed to have great wisdom and great intention. As I got to know her better, I found that this was so.

Now it is thirty years, and we know everything about each other. Her wisdom and her inner wisdom are still beside me, at hand, lucky for me.

Once, long ago, the proprietress of the Seven Arts Cafe, a curmudgeonly beak, teased me. He didn't like me because I worked for the Daily Mirror, Dick Tracy's newspaper, and I had no sense and no wit. It was agreed to wear a suit and tie. He was also jealous about Janice, who liked me instead of him. He was a big bullying fellow.

"Finger it," he said. "You know what I mean? You don't get the girl, man."

He meant that in a movie, particularly his movie, I would not get the girl. But he was wrong about that. ■

BY ROBERT STONE

Robert Stone's novels include *Children of Light*, *A Flag for Sunrise*, and *Dog Soldiers*. His most recent work, *Cambridge Rock*, will be published in 1992.



### *The May-December*

To keep from looking like the father of the bride, go with something sleek, like this three-button black-and-white wool suit by Henry Dunlop. Groom shirts and ties sell in by Edward, with pocket squares by Imperial Handkerchiefs, and shoes by Salvatore Ferragamo. Hair: Steve by Mark Evans Groom, New York. Jewelry by Maxine Jones for Fragments, given by La Gracie, and shoes by Sami Samuels. Mattie Edward

## *Fashion Tips* FOR THE REPEAT OFFENDER

What to wear to your second (or third) wedding

Photographs by George Holt

### *The December-May*

She's surprised the best friend her first trip to the altar, so she went out and bought you this three-piece gray wool suit and velvet shirt by Valentino Couture. The girl has color ple in by Franco Corbin for Sweet, the cotton-patched square by Imperial Handkerchiefs. Hair: Done by Morgan La Fay, makeup by Michael Gervino at the salon. Shoes: corsets by Jovian Rose at Arlene







### *A Long Love*

Since we first  
saw you two in  
it was taking  
so long at a wedding  
that you got lost  
in a black and white  
mood, a  
wedding dress and  
by O'Leary  
Brothers, Men's  
to be with  
your perfect match  
by Robert  
Cushman, 1991, a  
wedding  
wedding. Love the  
wedding dress  
and the wedding  
dress.

### *The Revenge of the Nerd*

To wipe out the memory  
of the wedding  
with a huge and huge  
big pump, you  
clearly chose a stage-  
bombed black  
vest and cashmere suit  
by Cavanaugh.  
Zigzag striped white  
shirt and black  
tie by Charol. When  
wedding season  
by Arthur Brothers,  
glasses by  
Coburn in Berlin, and  
shoes by  
Hartford. Men's Dress  
by Berlin  
Dress, glasses by La  
Grille, wedding  
by Michael Brothers of  
Bismarck, North  
Dakota, shoes by  
Mead 1991.  
For more infor-  
mation see page 226.







# HER MEDICINE CHEST

Identifying the Components

Most of the objects shown on these pages are shown twice with great care of which will be found in your own home. In the common sanctuary that is your wife's part of the medicine chest. For the purpose of better understanding, and to avoid an ineffective but fruitless frustration with clutter, it is essential that you familiarize yourself with these components. Please attempt to identify each of the following objects, and circle the letter of the appropriate answer.

## NOTE

"The true value of a man's character is the health of his wife."  
—CYRIL CONNOLLY

1. ☐ Penicillin chest  
☐ Earache separator  
☐ Eyebrow shaper  
☐ Dental floss holder

2. ☐ Male and female sperm separator  
☐ Hydrolyzed-collagen beauty supplement  
☐ Under-eye massaging band  
☐ Teen-guard piller

3. ☐ Palm hair separator  
☐ Penicillin comb  
☐ Toothbrush  
☐ False-eyelash applicator

4. ☐ Lip liner  
☐ Nail pencil  
☐ Diamond earring  
☐ Eyeliner

5. ☐ Penicillin comb  
☐ Ring holder  
☐ TUD  
☐ Toy separator

6. ☐ Nail revealing kit  
☐ Core solvent  
☐ Year collector set  
☐ Pregnancy-testing kit

7. ☐ Dress-shirt holder  
☐ Eyeliner mirror  
☐ Emergency-clothes belt  
☐ Bra mixer

8. ☐ Night-cream dispenser  
☐ Hair roller  
☐ Cosmetics-cream applicator  
☐ Earring string

9. ☐ Penicillin applicator  
☐ Liquid-diet dispenser  
☐ Disposable douche  
☐ Cigarette case

10. ☐ Tampon  
☐ Cigarette filter  
☐ Dental floss  
☐ Cigarette case

11. ☐ Morning-after water  
☐ Penicillin separator  
☐ Facial mask  
☐ Dress shirt

12. ☐ La Vie Que Tu  
☐ Portable eye patch  
☐ Dress shirt  
☐ Makeup wedge

13. ☐ Cello smoother  
☐ Emery board  
☐ Facial mask  
☐ Lint brush

14. ☐ Tampon  
☐ Cigarette separator  
☐ Flushing stick  
☐ Pelvic stick

15. ☐ Makeup pad  
☐ Apple guard  
☐ Cosmetics sponge  
☐ Individual nail polish remover

16. ☐ Breast massager  
☐ Hair perfume  
☐ Eye noisemaker  
☐ Acupuncture

17. ☐ Facial exfoliator  
☐ Sunscreen  
☐ Nightgown mask  
☐ Breast massager  
☐ Nail buff

## EXTRA CREDIT

Every specimen, when it is received, is the method of hair removal known as "waxing". Please include in your discussion your understanding of the term "bitchy sex."

## ANSWERS

1. 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.

## HER TIME AND MONEY

### Important Questions

She might be at home during the day (all her "moonwork" or "pent-a-lunaticism") of your wife, or she may head around a briefcase that's heavier than yours, but the latest statistics indicate that hollering and hounding are definitely not a part of the current American wife's daily routine. Sure, she might be doing a little less housework than your mother did, but you, old sport, are only kicking in eleven hours a week (up from seven in 1970), while she is contributing twenty-nine to forty-four. There are only 168 hours in a week. Here's how she spends them:

|  | When at home | When in the Workforce |
|--|--------------|-----------------------|
| Full week  | 43.3 hours   | 22.1 hours            |
| House care (housework, shopping, eating, drinking) | 44.8         | 29.4                  |
| Travel   | 50.4         | 34                    |
| Personal care (bathing, grooming)                  | 33.7         | 18.9                  |
| Social (visiting, volunteer organizations)         | 40.7         | 40.6                  |
| Active recreation (sports and leisure)             | 5.5          | 7.6                   |
| Work (active sleep) (TV viewing)                   | 25.7         | 12.5                  |
| Total  | 410.8        | 286                   |

Source: U.S. Census Bureau, Survey of Consumer Expenditures and the Survey of Consumer Income, 1970-1980

The traditional view is that your wife spends a lot more money than you do. Not this time. According to a 1989 Monitor Magazine survey of adults in households with incomes of \$40,000 and more, whose spend less than husbands on home furnishings, entertainment appliances, artwork and collectibles, and books (on average, \$5,060 a year for those five categories, compared with \$6,475 for husbands). And stress-style arguments aside, wives spend, on average, only \$285 more per year on clothing than their spouses do.



## HER PLUMBING

### General Diagnostics

Study this diagram very carefully. It is a schematic representation of your wife's internal mechanisms.

#### • Ovary

There are two of these, each about the size of a hairy almond. The ovaries produce the female sex hormones (estrogen and progesterone) that are responsible for maintaining your wife's monthly cycle and, occasionally, for making her feel nervous. Women are born with approximately 100,000 eggs in each ovary. Once a month, an egg matures, is released from a follicle, and is sent into one of the fallopian tubes.

• Fallopian tube, aka oviduct or uterine tube

Two of these also, each about four inches long. They extend from each side of the top part of the uterus to the ovaries. When women talk about "kissing their ovaries," that's the ovules they mean. You know that an egg is fertilized.

• Uterus, aka womb

This is where the fetus develops during pregnancy. In a normal state, it is only about the size of a woman's fist.

• Cervix

The top of the uterus. It is around this osseous structure that a diaphragm is placed.

• Vagina

Just a passageway, it's really about four inches long, but expandable to fit the needs of sex and childbirth.

• Clitoris

The main area of sexual excitement. It's exactly like a very, very, very small penis and it swells with blood during sexual excitement. It, too, has a shaft and a glans and is made of sensitive tissue, but it's usually by reflexive contractions and one half of an inch long.

• Monsie

• Monsie

This is the opening to the urinary passage that leads to the bladder.

#### • Labia minora

The ones you can see without a whole lot of moonshine.

#### • Labia majora

The ones you can't.

### Key Facts

#### Ten Medical Things Every Considerate Man Should Know

1. A Pap smear is a sampling of cells taken from the surface of the cervix. It is used to detect cancer of the cervix and other cervical abnormalities. Most women are expected to have one every year after their twenty-first birthday.

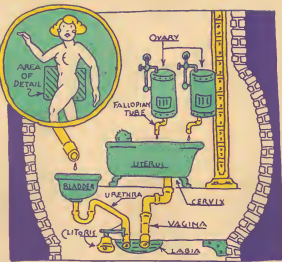
2. A speculum is a dental device that looks a little bit like a caulking gun and functions not even a little bit like one. During a routine gynecological exam, a speculum is inserted into the vagina, which it holds open, while a speculum is used to scrape sample cells from the cervix.

3. A D & C (dilation and curettage) is a surgical method used to relieve the cervical opening to that the wall of the uterus can be scraped. D & C's are used to discover the cause of infertility and to remove bleeding or discharge, to diagnose cancer and uterine polyps, or to cause abortion.

4. A hysterectomy is an incision used to remove gynecological problems, including those related to fertility. It is usually performed under general anesthesia.

5. A hysterectomy, in its simplest form, involves the surgical removal of the uterus. A hysterectomy with oophorectomy means the fallopian tubes are removed as well. A hysterectomy with oophorectomy means the removal of the uterus, fallopian tubes, and ovaries.

6. Cervicitis, aka yeast infection or thrush, is a common fungal infection that can be caused by anything that alters the naturally acidic environment of the vagina, that is, use of douches and douches, taking of antibiotics



on both internal pelvis, pregnancy, lack of hygiene. Thrush involves a yeasty-smelling discharge, itching, and redness. 7. Trichomoniasis, aka "trich," is not to be confused with what you get when you eat pink salmon. It is caused by a parasite that is used to be carried by half of all women, though only about 15 percent of them develop its symptoms, which include vaginal discharge, itching and soreness, red spots on the cervix and

vaginal walls, and a nasty odor. If it spreads to the urinary tract, it can cause cystitis, and if it spreads to the fallopian tubes, it can cause infertility. 8. Cervicitis is a bacterial infection that causes painful and frequent urination and often makes sexual intercourse painful as well. It is usually treated with antibiotics. 9. Cervicitis is a bacterial infection that causes painful and frequent urination and often makes sexual intercourse painful as well. It is usually treated with antibiotics. 10. Cervicitis is a bacterial infection that causes painful and frequent urination and often makes sexual intercourse painful as well. It is usually treated with antibiotics.

11. Cervicitis is a bacterial infection that causes painful and frequent urination and often makes sexual intercourse painful as well. It is usually treated with antibiotics. 12. Cervicitis is a bacterial infection that causes painful and frequent urination and often makes sexual intercourse painful as well. It is usually treated with antibiotics. 13. Cervicitis is a bacterial infection that causes painful and frequent urination and often makes sexual intercourse painful as well. It is usually treated with antibiotics. 14. Cervicitis is a bacterial infection that causes painful and frequent urination and often makes sexual intercourse painful as well. It is usually treated with antibiotics. 15. Cervicitis is a bacterial infection that causes painful and frequent urination and often makes sexual intercourse painful as well. It is usually treated with antibiotics.

#### NOTE

"The quantity of women's physiology which permits among men a beautiful and incredible..." —CAMILLE MAUGUARD

16. Vaginitis is the word used for any number of vaginal infections with varying intensity. It is caused by an imbalance of bacteria in the vagina, which can be caused by douching, use of antibiotics, and vaginal discharge and blood. 17. Vaginitis is the word used for any number of vaginal infections with varying intensity. It is caused by an imbalance of bacteria in the vagina, which can be caused by douching, use of antibiotics, and vaginal discharge and blood. 18. Vaginitis is the word used for any number of vaginal infections with varying intensity. It is caused by an imbalance of bacteria in the vagina, which can be caused by douching, use of antibiotics, and vaginal discharge and blood. 19. Vaginitis is the word used for any number of vaginal infections with varying intensity. It is caused by an imbalance of bacteria in the vagina, which can be caused by douching, use of antibiotics, and vaginal discharge and blood. 20. Vaginitis is the word used for any number of vaginal infections with varying intensity. It is caused by an imbalance of bacteria in the vagina, which can be caused by douching, use of antibiotics, and vaginal discharge and blood.

## HER EXPECTATIONS

A Troubleshooting Guide

Men have giving gifts for two basic reasons:

1. Gift giving may result in psychological scoring, because it lessens the risk of rejection; and
2. Gift giving requires gift purchasing, and gift purchasing requires shopping, and one of the main reasons men get married in the first place is so they won't have to shop anymore.

But women love to get presents, and if your wife says she doesn't, she is either lying, kidding herself, or gamely covering up for you. If the idea of making her happy is not appealing enough in its own right, consider the great joy of making yourself *feel* good as a handy and useful after-effect. Here's how, a few pointers:

### HOW TO SUCCEED

1. **Measure the present match.** All good gifts share one good thing: They show your wife that you're thoughtful about her and have bought something you think she'll like. Breadth of pleasure makes the decision simple. Something you think she'll like is not the same as something you'd like to see her use. Something you think she'll like is not the same as something you think she'll use. So the most bizarre cases, a kitchen clock, a toaster oven, new vacuum cleaner attachments, a milk steamer, and a facial are not something you think she'll like—but as, if you're really thinking, they'll most give her something to suggest that you feel she needs improvement. And nothing that's as much for you as it is for her.

2. **Plan ahead.** No wife likes a last-minute gift. You can hand her the *Happy Birthday* card, but if you've gone out to buy a day it's due, a night or two will be a piece of surprise. Advance purchasing shows care; it also keeps dependencies—and the mistakes it engenders—at bay.

3. **Do research.** Be as inured that just because an idea pops into your head it isn't necessarily a good one. Look for ideas. Call her friends. Ask them

suggestions. Ask her questions. Look through catalogs together. It may not be subtle, but it gets the job done.

### 4. Use misdirection.

Gift giving may be the one area in marriage where one-and-done logic is not just forgotten but may even be a strategy. So, in all kinds of disguises, there is an art to this one. If you've bought your wife a necklace, ask her what kind of earrings she needs. Say "Did you like Rosalind's cat ring?" as if you're trying to be subtle but failing miserably. She may even drink you're out. Last and not least (as well as multiple gifts and hints) are especially welcome on birthdays, when the true hidden agenda should be to distract your wife, as much as possible, from the notion that she's getting older.

### 5. Show your feelings.

Gifts like jewelry and artwork require trust, research, generosity, and confidence. Gifts of clothes require these things, and *hah!* We cannot overemphasize the impact that a well-chosen (but returnable) present of clothing can make on a wife. But women may do more with you, come, and only after consulting the feature on page 116.

### 6. Encourage her to collect.

Show as a man whose wife collects books, art, paperweights, coats or cars, patches, boxes, bottles, flower vases, or built-in Napco, and we'll show you a guy who's never at a loss for a gift.



### 7. Remember that he who hesitates is lost.

Say you and your wife are traveling through a cruise bar at midsummer, and she falls seriously in love with a hand-carved jewelry box. Her birthday was last month, and your anniversary isn't until October. What's a thoughtful, loving husband to do? Figure out a way to buy the box without her knowing it, that's what.

### 8. Take her with you.

Not on the day the present's due, and we'll show you. But if you know she'll enjoy picking out, say, a

leather jacket or a pair of boots, then invite her on a little expedition. Summon reserves of patience and accurate and general shopping support that you would never otherwise show. Then send her off for coffee while the money changes hands. It's the best.

If you haven't discovered the joy of catalogs, do so. Despite the shipping-and-handling charges, mail-order merchants make buying the next big thing a pleasure. Run it there, however, where they know it. Women's lives for longer, French for love risk clothing, Camp's and Telford for jewelry, Norman Marcus for top-of-the-line miscellany, Audible Sports Collectibles for the obvious.

10. **Pressure for emergencies.** Just about anywhere you go today there are same-day delivery services for candy, ice cream, flowers, at-home massages, et cetera. Keep their phone numbers handy so that if you wake up one morning as a woman who's saying "Happy Birthday" to herself, you can recover, instant to the knowledge that even a boring, thoughtless gift is better than no gift at all. ■

Enter the State of Häagen-Dazs



Häagen-Dazs

THE STUNNING RENAISSANCE  
OF THE  
ORANGE AND CREAM BAR

## Energy-Saving Tips

### What Do Women Want?

- Laundry guide
- Kids' encyclopedia
- Travel photographs
- Her favorite movie on camera
- Flowers
- A weekend away
- A boarder
- Pearls
- Perfume
- A night in a hotel
- A break from the kids

### What Don't Women Want?

- Shoes
- Office supplies
- Household appliances
- A season subscription to something you figure she'll go to with the kids
- Alcohol
- Surprise party
- Cooking classes
- Long-distance telephone
- Gift certificates



## Stay in Control



Fast—here's a little secret: It's easier to say a million yeses with this for yourself. After all, you don't have to worry about a ladder slipping with your success. You really can't go wrong with Emilio Arino, Giorgio Armani, Donna Karan. This dress is Chanel. Chanel anything. And when there's Chanel, there are parties. Be sure for extra size. Long sleeves, short sleeves, double-breasted, buttoned—if you want to give her pearls, just bring a whole lot more and start saying this classic Chanel suit combines the best of both worlds, with the sparkling pearls applied on the pockets.

Feeling a little more secure? Here's one other occasion, the dark dress by Fortunate. Just for those who are getting downright sexy, consider buying a lot. "Always say the hat too big," says Russell. "It's an old Donna Karan trick." Hand-made pieces are also.

Copy dress by Victoria D. Marks.



You're also shopping for her house, you're shopping for yourself. What would you like to see her in, passed at the foot of your bed? What kind of sleep or wardrobe would you like to get your hands on? Do you like short skirts or a straight skirt? "It's your heart's desire," says Russell.

Can last wear of lovely colors. The 80s look better with silk or satin, an elegant polyester or tulle. But you already know that, right?

With beauty and silk to be by something from Vogue. Pumps by Roger Godeaux.

For more information see page 225.

## Never Mind



*Therapy Night Line...*

*9:30 pm.*

*"I run into him last week."*

*"You did? Why didn't you tell me? So... how does he look?"*

*"I hate to admit it, but he looked great."*

*"What? I haven't heard you say anything nice about him in months."*

*"I know. It's just that he really did look great. He had a glow about him."*

*"Maybe he just came back from a week in the tropics."*

*"Are you sure? He hasn't seen the sun since he was 12... maybe he had someone new in his life."*



GUERLAIN  
PARIS

# HERE LIES MY HEART

Sometimes  
the ghost of an ex-wife  
just won't let go

IT IS A SHRILL AND MISTY MANHATTAN DUSK: autumn 1969. A wan sliver of dying twilight catches the windows of the skyscrapers. I am standing fortively at a street corner. Soon my wife emerges from a door across the way. No—my ex-wife. We have been divorced a fortnight, though I have yet to acknowledge the reality. I have been writing here for her, I know she is the psychiatrist's last client of the afternoon, and that he himself will sooner or later come out, too. I watch as she drifts away into the New York manure, receding from me like a pebble in a pond, my collage overheard: My heart brutally palpitates with rage and fear and guilt, all of it so horrendously vanguard, yet it is the man I have come to see, as if merely knowing what he looks like might ease some grievous wrong. ■ For weeks I have harbored the virginal taboos that he and he alone has rased my marriage. That even had she been an ex-madonna he would have courted her, as surely they all did in that harmonious and debilitated American era: "Do what you must to be happy. If it feels good, do it." The presumption of her! He is my faceless love none, incarnate as the great city

In my imagination  
I wait for him.  
I consider confessing  
how much I  
need him, demand-  
ing what arcane  
knowledge he has  
appropriated  
from my wife of our  
life together.

BY WILLIE MORRIS



right, and he has selected my most treasured Confederate treasures. Especially have I been obliged to compose for him episodes of nearly Hibernian severity, have even seriously contemplated what I imposed upon cradled adults in my small-town Illinois childhood: gift-wrapped fairs and auctions at dead runs in corners deposited on their front porches in the yards.

The next has turned now into a grim, unhealed case. Every where in the sagged bottom of the Macomber Series, the party and less, the junkies, the crowds to dance that people appear to be standing in queues just to walk down the sidewalks, the strange dances of the jacksnipers, the scene pointing upward from the arena and the world and earth was

party off a blue and sparkling tint, I gazed across at the celebration, some fifty couples I mean to look from the city. With only two or three exceptions, I was chosen in an instant to suit, everyone that had been divorced in last once. Among my contemporaries in those days there seemed a profound depression about shaking relationships. I searched my friends who had shuffled in the stable of them for answers, but I found that they knew nothing I did not know. So, as with me, some self-righteousness is surely the majestic mode of survival, the blues fell on the partner. Everyone was too highly bred, nothing with such desperation and apprehension. Nothing lasted. It all seemed a piece with the American Series.

She and I were very young when we married, and a very long way too from the East. The Alamy has always been southern in that regard. Get on early with the poorest character of protection. One of the duties of the day held that young marriage was singularly desirable, you would "grow up together," the young being that growing up can also mean growing apart.

Nonetheless, it survived eleven years, across many seasons, American and otherwise, in good times and bad, and the denouement was terrible, and more than one would ever have imagined it, and the trauma of the divorce broke longer than its duration. The anger, bitterness, jealousy, and long divorced seem to go away, and those scenarios in probably on my best friend. Yet where fault was it? I ask myself now, hundreds of miles and a whole generation removed. And what did it say about ourselves? And what on earth did it mean? As with many strange and foreign things in our life, one wonders, did it ever mean anything at all?

SHE CAME FROM a rare and sprawling metropolis on the rise, I from the divided and confusions of deepest Dixie. I remember as powerfully the first time I ever saw her. I was playing in a university intramural football game, and I sighted her on the sidelines talking with some friends, a stunningly beautiful, dark-complexioned beauty, and she sat carefully like me as a host of mouthful laughter, and so this day I could show you the precise spot near the university where we first kissed. The two of us were important on the campus in those long Southern years. I was editor of the student daily, she was a Phi Beta Kappa and was even elected "Sweetheart of the University," five thousand students sang "The Eyes of Texas" in honor in the school gymnasium. On my twenty-first birthday she gave me a book of English verse, and she wrote in it the inscription:

Grown old with me,  
The best is yet to be,  
The best for which the first is made.

We were married in a chapel in her city, not far from where she grew up. My father died while we were on our honeymoon, and I remember the power and the grief.

The fields of fame and ambition grew heavy with pitfalls. Imperceptibly at first, our lives became tense and theatrical—all of celebrity's appurtenances.

an income, the off-camera voice of his films, so of death, others' and my own. What indeed if someone drops a leg microphone table out a top window and it lands right on me? Such then is my maddest passion, rest now as my dearest nightmare.

Then, suddenly, he emerges from the same doorway. I am certain I know it is he. My heart begins beating fast, and surreptitiously I lean across the reason through for a closer view. In my anxiety some khaki trench coat it could be Gene Hackman taking the Galia drug car down these same streets in *The French Connection*.

I am entering him now as he passes at a sidewalk in the Gothic mall of buying the diamond's *Paris*, then *The Village Voice*. I slip into an apartment near a Clock Full O' Nuts and observe him. He is of medium height and wears a gray overcoat. He is young! He looks innocent! He has no hair! That is my final substitution. I finally want him to look like Bernard Malabaud. As he walks away I consider moving in on him at the Bank in the summer of 1960, in Chatterboxville, continuing him social to record, in Lyndee Johnson did in that day with special assignment, demanding what scene knowledge he has appeared used of our joys and talkings and the things we shared together: the diagonal spring cushions at our university three years ago, the gilded Louisiana whipping the Louisiana Agates, the exiles and here in the Bahamas 14th, the midnight camps at Oxford, the birth of my child, the old love and passion and hope. Then helpfully it winks as he drives into the sandy streets of the asphalt earth in New York, down deep in the swirling B.T., disappearing forever toward whatever escaped Bronx domestic leads him acquiesce for his comic parades.

ALL THAT WAS MORE than twenty years ago, an other blunder still, and during my tenure in the East, nearly three occasions in last were ending in interest. One summer session in the Haspatica, at a town



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Not many American tourists begin in that House of Lost Causes, that City of Damning Spices—Oxford. I had a scholarship, and so I thought I must believe we were actually there. There were the impressive logs, the chimes of medieval in the High, always too many bells ringing in the rain. And as soon as we walked through the gardens and hidden places of the medieval town, resting in its black gray mansions. A wing of an old house was open, surrounded by high gardens, the last wearing upon itself in the medieval distance. The badlands Yorks were usually there, all of them a little in love with her.

On a cold and heavy Christmas Eve, the two of us sat in the high mass in the cathedral of King's College, Cambridge. There was a thin sliver of snow on the

newly was there.

The fields of time and ambition grew heavy with petals, though I doubt either of us would have acknowledged that then. Inappreciable at last, one less because time and distance—all of celebrity's appearances, I was aware of a national magazine, the young scholar, and our lives converged occasionally with the great writers, the critics, the publishers, the millionaires, the Hollywood heavens, the artists of the moment's culture. Down in Clay Court Lane's or Rosamund Giff's or Patch Sutherland's, literary collections, our photographs in the newspapers and newspapers. It happened all too easily. In our post-vital past our friends thought we would last forever because we were so similar, mainly, I suspect, because we liked books, yet about as far apart as we could be. We were coming to be come so different—had we always been, I wonder, but lacked the experience to see it—one of us introverted, academic, and disciplined, the other vibrant, natural, uncompromisingly

headstrong. How to explain such things, or even to remember them and be honest about them, for memory itself often and exaggerates and defines. It was not as fun as it had been.

We bought a farmhouse in the country, even acquired a kind of Lab puppy to share up the marriage, and the small town a boy usually joined the money-making of the town. Even so, the money was not the money, but the real trouble was just beginning. Doubt is inherent in any reality. She had begun to doubt, and doubt is a contagious disease, yet the imagination, the uncertainty, the melancholy, the experience, the consciousness had to be symptomatic of something deeper, more elusive and more real.

All these married as a daily struggle of loyalty and desire, pursued by desire, apparently in silence. Silence speaks for itself, of course, and there were nights when I did not come home, our precious love cracked as now, these threads of faded affection seemed broken and meaningless, and before our very eyes we had become rivals and strangers.

The day came when the bedrock cracked the apartment. "What night? What night?" I had to escape the city, a weekend weekend in Connecticut with friends. "God, you look awful!" The mirror betrayed a complexion sallow as parchment, rings under the eyes like shadowy blots, and I was developing a wicked little snarl about the neck, what we once called the neck, what we once called the neck in Mississippi. Now we were in the deepening snow of divorce, a desolate barrenness all its own. The lawyers, of course, took one-minute a heavy man,



*Am I really at the height of my powers?*



*In my meanness in this world?*



*Is it all downhill from here?*



*God.*

MAN IS NOT SO SIMPLE, AFTER ALL.



clabber THE FRAGRANCE FOR MEN

reverent sweeping quadrangle outside, and the wonderful stained glass and the elaborate flickering candlelight and the surrounding organ and the grand procession in Henry VIII's vaulted chamber, the little English boys in their red ceremonial robes coming over to show down the sides with their flags and maces, their voices rising, and this was one of the most beautiful things we would ever see in our lives, and we were happy. And then a storm broke in Paris, and I am walking up Rue de la Concorde, which skirts the Seine, and with the muffled lights and sounds I compare Gorkhman, and none there that is, leaving suddenly against the upper balcony of our passage, two months pregnant and in a red dress, looking machinelike down at me as I approach, and her rainy words come down through time. "My distinguished husband!"

AFTER THAT, our heady New York days were suffused with happiness, and there slowly advancing pain. Did the city itself replace the seeds of our own growing rebellion? We were Upper West Side people, back when the Upper West Side was an authentic neighborhood, and at night-time in the Victorian years came the echoes of stress and mayhem from Columbia up the way. On the very day the renowned Dr. Ph.D. in Bryant Park, Betty K.

Wille Morris was editor of Harper's Magazine during the 1930s. He is the author of an autobiography, North Toward Home, and the recently completed novel Taps, set during the Korean War.



Wille and Edna Morris, celebrated couple of literature, in New York, 1967



# THE PRINT SHIRT

Discomanada! This will be the summer of the groovy shirt—jungle prints and floral prints and what the rag trade is calling “mambo” prints, everything wild and unbuttoned and drapery. Timothy Dalton, seen most recently in the movie *007: A View to a Kill*, is seen here in a twist-card-print number. But in summer, who can stand to button the top button? Only the truly cool.



ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

By  
the  
way,  
Timothy  
Dalton  
is going  
to appear  
on page 22!



# The Ultimate Guide to Managing Your Life

(With and without a wife)

BY PETER NELSON

I BELIEVE A BATHROOM washbowl should be placed where I can pay a dull name currency directly into it—where it can be used. Or at least I thought I knew this, until, at the age of 31, I got married. My wife took a bathroom washbowl and said where it cannot be used, under the sink. As a result, whenever I see it, I slide the washbowl on rollers on the left, and whenever she sees it, she slides it back on rollers on the right. Logically, the way out of this (sort-of) would be to leave it in the middle. I would like to see it, to make it more than a roller, to make it more than a roller, and the roller back against my eye, to manage herself in a small way, but to slide up. For now, we will look at the full set of rollers. It's the principle of the thing. We have now been married long, but we are already learning that marriage requires compromise, mostly of your principles, old habits, and assumptions. Life changes when you marry. Here's how:

## MALE FRIENDS

### SINGLE

1. You hang with them for their companionship, advice, and absences.
2. You compete for women.
3. You play poker to win money, instead of the Zen of sports.
4. You are part of a wolf pack.

### MARRIED

1. You hang with them to keep from going soft.
2. You don't compete for women now, so you enjoy hearing of your friends' exploits even though they put you in some pots. You live vicariously as a puppy, throwing dinner parties and setting up your single pals with your wife's single friends.
3. When you play poker, you have to remember you're losing for two now. You play sports because as sports, unlike in marriage, there are clear rules, written down in books.
4. You join the League of Bachelors, a more intimate group than your wolf pack.

## FEMALE FRIENDS

### SINGLE

1. You're sure all the best women are married, mostly because happily married women have no reason to be lousy or you and are consequently freer and more approachable.
2. Single women assume you're on the make, and treat you accordingly, which is only fair.
3. You wonder, as a groom-to-be, whether other women will become unapproachable when you marry, which is kind of like cheating you won't be hungry after you die.
4. Mated women form a Conspiracy of Wives with your spouse.
5. Single women are friendly and more approachable because they think married men are safe.
6. Kim Basinger still looks like Kim Basinger, but you

swear you haven't gone on a date at all, and in fact, you feel sort of full.

## SEX

### SINGLE

1. Pre-marital sex is exciting because it's forbidden.
2. It takes a long week to arrange post-marital sex.
3. You make time for sex when you don't have the time, because you think about sex constantly.

### MARRIED

1. You can't have premarital sex anymore, but you can have marital sex, or, in some cases, extramarital, or "pre-marital," sex.
2. Noticing you forget to rip a day off the Gary Larson calendar on the doorknob is enough to motivate you.
3. When you don't have the time for sex, you make appointments, because now you think mostly about money.

## MONEY

### SINGLE

1. You spend what you earn, at a rate of your own choosing, paying your own way through life.
2. You believe two can live more cheaply than one.
3. Once or twice a year the balance in your checking account comes within \$300 of what you think it should be.
4. You believe winning the lottery could solve everything.

### MARRIED

1. You spend more than you earn, faster than you don't even it.
2. You learn two can live more cheaply than one, but only half as long.
3. You discover two people can mess up a checkbook on more than one occasion via a paper credit card.
4. You believe winning the lottery could solve everything. Enough to actually play it.

## HER FAMILY

### SINGLE

1. It takes five meetings before your girlfriend's father learns your name—he's sure you came and go.
2. Your girlfriend's mom is overly friendly and solicitous because the wants her daughter to be married.
3. The rest of the Christmas season you give your girlfriend relatives, in her family, love letters you are about the relationship.
4. You buy expensive presents for your loved one to get her to marry you.

### MARRIED

1. Father-in-law welcomes you into the League of Bachelors.
2. Mother-in-law scammers your debts more closely, in case you're a bum.
3. At Christmas, your new nephew-in-law and niece-in-law eye you suspiciously and won't let you play with their toys, even if they're from you.
4. You buy expensive presents for yourself, to make sure you get your share of the family budget. ("You bought that! Oh yes! Well I'm buying that!")

## THE HOUSE

### SINGLE

1. When you live in both a bachelor pad and a kitchen of solitude.
2. You put whatever you want whenever you want and change the furniture around when you're bored.
3. You do household chores only when there's no good football or baseball game to watch.

### MARRIED

1. The new-building contract sets the blood, so you put whatever you want whenever you want to put it and then claim you're doing it for her.
2. You rearrange furniture to start fights.
3. You do chores when your wife asks you to, usually when there's a good football or baseball game you'd rather be watching.

## CARPOOL

### SINGLE

1. You do it once a month, though you can postpone it by leaving an underwire.
2. You throw the clothes in, old soap, an eyeglass on wheels, push the car in, shut the lid, and leave.
3. Your laundry is full of clothes that you try to hide from people at the Laundromat.
4. When you accidentally pick up a woman's underwire from the dryer or holding table, you keep it and pretend some hot date left it behind.

### MARRIED

1. You do laundry twice as often, it takes three times as long, and it costs four times as much.
2. You have to use separate washers for whites, left socks, or shirts with odd numbers of buttons on them.
3. Your laundry is now full of doll clothes, your wife's bras, and T-shirts so tiny you crack up every time you see them.
4. If you accidentally pick up another woman's underwire, you keep it for five months, then dispose of it before your wife asks where you got it.



...or make appointments?



They run five cheaper than one...



...for half as long.



Four the night seems you're too common...



...or have you found you share common-sense?

## CAR

### SINGLE

1. You wear your seat belt when your mother is in the car.
2. You speed for the thrill of it.
3. You change your own oil because it's cheaper.

### MARRIED

1. You buckle up because you have future children to consider.
2. You speed because married people are always late getting out the door.
3. You do your own maintenance because car repairs, unlike women, make perfect sense. A timing belt, connected to C.

## FOOD

### SINGLE

1. You mostly eat and swallow, consuming Huggs, Burger Helper, grilled-cheese sandwiches, or complicated dishes like chili or spaghetti.
2. You get to eat everything you buy, when you want to, the way you like it, even if it's not good for you, and keep leftovers until they resemble the surface of Venus.
3. You have a refrigerator full of ketchup and beer, never measure anything, and check a balanced diet menu balancing only with meat, salad with dressing, or depression with stimulants.
4. You cook 30 percent of your meals as a rule, and serve your dinner guests food groups in sequence, over dinner or never at all, ready at the same time.
5. Your girlfriend has one more fancy dish she can make to impress a man, usually chicken Marsala.

### MARRIED

1. You cook fancy meals together, which are still new or ready on time, due to culinary disputes, shared meals, and people standing in front of the sink.
2. You have to worry about someone publishing all the list of the Odeon, and making sure that person is you. Finding the milk while your spouse is still eating Odeon grounds for divorce in all states but California.
3. Your refrigerator is full of sauces, bottled water from France, and leftovers resembling the surface of Venus that your wife thinks are going to teach you a lesson when you find them.
4. You have to accommodate your spouse's dietary obsessions, when, for instance, she claims the fish is a pickup man, but can't eat fish when it's raining.
5. Your wife has no need to make chicken Marsala anymore, and is happy to eat cold pizza for breakfast, dry lasagna, and have a bowl of lentil soup for dinner.

## PERSONAL HYGIENE

### SINGLE

1. You have a history of childhood mud fights, high school football locker rooms, and comfortable college dorm rooms, and have acquired a tolerance for fish.
2. You might wash your hair with bar soap when there's no shampoo, wash the dishes with dish soap when you're out of Ivory Liquid, or wash the floors only once a year, to avoid floor-burn.



Part of a wolf pack...



...in the League of Bachelors?



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3. You may walk out your door well groomed and presentable, but what you leave behind the door is another story. If someone learns you're a slob, who cares?

#### MARRIED

1. You have to clean up your act, and to enhance yourself with an shaving solo like *Woolite* and *Afta*.
2. You have to buy the women's hair products, since women know that money is power. You may have with conditioner for dry hair is like mixing mortar with cement and can make your head explode.
3. You can't tell your wife behind closed doors—you don't want people thinking you're a slob, but you don't want them thinking you wanted one.

#### VERY PERSONAL

##### SINGLE

1. Your bodily functions are nobody's business.
2. On a date, you pretend you don't have them, or try to ignore them, what *Brigitte* would refer to as the "Wack-a-mole of the Bowels."
3. You don't want to know what women keep in those floral dog bags they have.

#### MARRIED

1. You learn that you and your wife, in your married, hold some bodily functions in common, and have to decide how the you want to be about sharing them.
2. You have to get used to the fact that women or have you with a going to (no dating way to put that) eat the cheese, a golden moment in any marriage, supplying a new level of intimacy hereafter acknowledged except occasionally on camping trips.
3. When the dog in his floral dog bag now comes to you, because you have come to realize how much you depend on his health.

**MY WIFE AND I REALIZE**, of course, that this is only the beginning. We hope one day to become old married people for whom "the principle of the thing" is only a distant memory. My grandfather used to say, "The secret to being happily married is to have the men make all the big decisions, and the women make all the little decisions." He'd pass, looking dilly around the room, before announcing, "I've been married sixty-five years," he'd say, chuckling. "So far, there haven't been any big decisions." And then, I believe, at the next. Not what he said. The chuckle. ☺

**Peter Nelson** is currently running a boot-in marriage. The last piece for *Esquire*, "The Beer for Me," appeared in October 2003.

# Cocaine lies.

After nearly a decade of being America's glamour drug, researchers are starting to uncover the truth about cocaine.

It's emerging as a very dangerous substance. No one thinks the things described here will ever happen to them. But you can never be certain. Whenever and however you use cocaine, you're playing Russian roulette.

## You can't get addicted to cocaine.

Cocaine was once thought to be non-addictive, because users don't have the severe physical/withdrawal symptoms of heroin—delirium, muscle cramps, and convulsions.

However, cocaine is intensely addicting psychologically.

In animal studies, monkeys with unlimited access to cocaine self-administer until they die. One monkey pressed a bar 12,800 times to obtain a single dose of cocaine. Rhesus monkeys won't smoke tobacco or marijuana, but 100% will smoke cocaine, preferring it to sex and to food—even when starving.

Like monkey like man.

If you take cocaine, you run a 10% chance of addiction. The

risk is higher the younger you are, and may be as high as 50% for those who smoke cocaine. (Some crack users say they felt addicted from the first time they smoked.)

When you're addicted, all you think about is getting and using cocaine. Family, friends, job, home, possessions, and health become unimportant.

Because cocaine is expensive, you end up doing what all addicts do: You steal, cheat, lie, deal, sell anything and everything, including yourself! All the while, you risk imprisonment. Because, never forget, cocaine is illegal.

There's no way to tell who'll become addicted. But one thing is certain.

No one who is an addict, set out to become one.

## C'mon, just once can't hurt you.

Cocaine hits your heart before it hits your head. Your pulse rate rockets and your blood pressure soars. Even if you're only 15, you become a prime candidate for a heart attack, a stroke, or an epileptic-type fit.

In the brain, cocaine mainly affects a primitive part where the emotions are seated. Unfortunately this part of the brain also controls your heart and lungs.

A big fit or a cumulative overdose may interrupt the electrical signal to your heart and lungs. They simply stop.

That's how basketball player Len Bias died.

If you're unlucky the first time you do coke, your body will lack a chemical that breaks down the drug. In which case, you'll be a first-time O.D. Two lines will kill you.

## Sex with coke is amazing.

Cocaine's powers as a sexual stimulant have never been proved or disproved. However, the evidence seems to suggest that the drug's reputation alone serves to heighten sexual feelings. (The same thing happens in Africa, where natives swear by powdered rhinoceros horn as an aphrodisiac.)

What is certain is that continued use of cocaine leads to impotence and finally complete loss of interest in sex.

## It'll make you feel great.

Cocaine makes you feel like a new man, the jolt goes. The only trouble is, the first time the new man wants is more cocaine.

It's true. After the high wears off, you may feel a little anxious, irritable, or depressed. You've got the coke blues. But fortunately, they're easy to fix, with a few more lines or another hit on the pipe.

Of course, sooner or later you have to stop. Then—for days at a time—you may feel lethargic, depressed, even suicidal.

Says Dr. Arnold Wachtel, one of the country's leading cocaine experts, "It's impossible for the nonuser to imagine the deep, vicious depression that a cocaine addict suffers from."

Partnership for a Drug-Free America



# When Peter Met Elysa

HE WAS A LIFELONG BACHELOR. SHE WAS READY TO COMMIT. HE WAS PUNCTUAL. SHE WAS FOREVER LATE. HIS BODY WAS A TEMPLE. HERS WAS A CHIMNEY. HAS THERE EVER BEEN A MARRIAGE BUILT ON LESS?

**I**N THIRTY-SIX YEARS OLD and I've never been married. I've written two novels, a book of nonfiction, a TV movie or two, scooped out the 60<sup>th</sup> season, and several feature films. I co-invented *Lawrence Sanders Baseball* and I run a reasonably large and successful publishing company. I've got a nice little loft in New York City and a shockingly cute old house in the country. I've got plenty of friends and my own credit cards. I finally learned how to use a computer (though not well). I'm in pretty good shape, am reasonably well groomed, have traveled all over the world, even a one-star that still fits, and have my health. Life is basically perfect. But I've never been married. I once lived with a woman for nine years (okay, you got me, we actually lived around the corner from each other. So one me—it was just like living together). I've been remarkably faithful to my current girlfriend (seriously, please—street a better word than girlfriend, but more so in two years now). We live together on weekends. Still. I've never been married. I know who's not a complete social misfit has tried it. Almost everyone I know has failed at it, at least once. It's made almost everyone I know miserable, at least temporarily. Yet, all of these same people I know—and we're talking reasonably sane, normal people, except for possibly two—are desperate to try it again, to save it, to manage it. I am I missing something? Obviously, but what? I have this urge now. I decided I should play "house" for two weeks, to try to figure out what makes a marriage work (or not work). You remember playing house, don't you? You were nine years old. Little Emma Starbuck was waiting on apron with cute little beribboned skirt and a pair of her mother's high heels. She was pouring root beer into some plastic cups, pretending she was serving propolis. You wanted to play in some thing much less psychologically demanding—like baseball or war—but in the end you got on your dad's ladder, whipped a bat that hung down to your knees around your

**Ignorance Is Bliss**  
IN THREE  
FIRST HOURS, ALL  
THINGS SEEMED  
POSSIBLE

BY PETER GETHERS  
Photographs by Larry Fink





**Building the Most  
UPDOWN  
OR DOWN, WHAT  
DOES IT  
MATTER, AS LONG  
AS THERE'S  
A SUGGEST FOR  
KIDNA AND  
A FOLKLORE FOR  
PETER**

**Extending the Family  
RECRUITING  
VIETNAM  
WITH ELYSIA'S  
FATHER**

neck, and did you best to get your own understanding of the person of Gethers.

I had a feeling that playing house as an adult was going to be a lot more complicated. But the more I thought about it, the more it seemed a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. At long last, I could see what it was like to be a real Gethers, George Bailey, and Henry VIII all rolled into one. There was only one question to be resolved: Who did he'll was going to marry me? Susan is was way shabbier than me. My "wife" had been all pulled out. Her name was Elysia Lane. She was thirty-four years old, attractive, sophisticated, self-sufficient, sexy, and intelligent. She was a very successful entrepreneur, and in addition to having her own business, was an on-camera consumer reporter for CNBC. I could do worse. I've done worse.

I agreed to take the plunge.

No prenuptial agreement—neither one of us believed in them, we're both too romantic. Nothing fancy for a ceremony—an elopement. (I found the idea of a big wedding ridiculous, the fussiest inappropriate, since she'd been married before, not very successfully, to a man—a woman Susan Gethers decided we'd already had our honeymoon, we decided that the best thing we could do was to get on with married life, so get to know each other—something as easy as possible as to do only after they by the last).

#### DAY 1 OF MARRIED LIFE Our First Post-Honeymoon Dinner

THIS SEEMS SIMPLE, but as fast it was terrible. There's a secret from the movie *The Breakfast Club* in which the young, misbegotten kids keep saying, "That's it

guys—now we know we're going to be together every day for the next forty or fifty years." That's what I felt like—most of the time.

The crossing did not go well. I'd made up a reservation to one of my favorite restaurants downtown, but after a while, I'd called Elysia at her office—"Tell her it's, uh... her husband... ah... it's... just tell her it's Peter"—and given her the time, the name of the place, and the address.

At 8:30 she hadn't shown up yet. I called home—no answer. As you see the call hadn't answered anywhere. I was already trying to adjust to life as a widower. I ordered dinner. At 9:30 I began eating all by myself, positive that every person in the restaurant knew my marriage was over before it had even really begun. At 10:30 I started home to find Elysia home because I'd stood her up. Totally confused, I realized that I'd been exactly where I was supposed to be. She'd gone to the wrong restaurant, one with a similar name.

"But I gave you the address," I whined.

"I obviously wasn't paying attention," she said, as if it somehow was my fault.

Going to bed that night, I thought about looking up the word *cloned* in the dictionary—but I was too afraid I'd see a diagram of my facial expression.

#### DAY 2 OF MARRIED LIFE Our Second Post-Honeymoon Dinner

I WAS FEELING A LITTLE GUILTY that I'd been so annoyed about what was, let's face it, an innocent mistake, and that that could have happened to anyone, so I made an 11:00 reservation at a different restaurant and made Elysia wear down the name and address.

At 8:30, sitting at the bar, I was ready to call Marino Macchiodini. At 8:45, Elysia came in. She was wearing a pink coat. I didn't realize she owned a pink coat. I hate pink coats.

"You're a little late, dear," I said, doing my best to conceal my anxiety about my wife.

Her only response: "You made the reservation at 11:00, didn't you?"

I realized

"I changed it to smoking when I came in."

"What?"

"I really need a cigarette tonight."

Burying my head under my hand, I asked her to smoke. How could I have married a smoker? Because I thought she'd stop once we got married. No, I didn't just think it, I knew it. I could change her.

"Honey," I said through gritted teeth, "why don't you stop smoking?"

"I can't."

"Why don't you try?"

"You can't be able to get me to stop smoking," she told me.

I gave her my more daring smile. "Not even your husband?"

"I need a cigarette tonight," she said.

"We can go to the smoking section. But not right away."

**Peter Gethers** is the author of the novel *The Cat Who Went to Paris*.





Because she'd changed our table, we weren't able to sit down until about 7:00. At about 9:45 I thought about smoking off to the cocktail room to play pool, but on her mark. I wasn't allowed to drink at this dinner as just some date that I'd never have to see again. This was *party or fifty years*.

#### DAY 5 OF MARRIED LIFE Meeting My Friends

THIS WAS, BY FAR, the most important day of our relationship. These were my closest friends in the world. If they didn't like my wife, my life would be seriously altered. If my wife didn't like them... then what? The only answer was that I'd have to rethink our relationship. I'd spent years building up these friendships and I trusted them. I realized I didn't trust my wife to notify the same guys.

The cast of characters  
**Kathleen.** The boss. We speak to each other on the telephone every morning at 9:00. She probably knows more about me and the way I think than any one I know. My tough-as-steel women are very tough on her. The only adult I'd go to that the Karlens-Elyas relationship was the most likely to be helpful in my face.

**Dominick.** The host. Friend. Moral, dignified, judgmental. Probably the most intimidating person at the dinner party. On the way up, at the entrance, I told Elyas that his middle name was actually Eugene. I thought that might help if he started to make his last name. **Nancy and Ziggy.** They'd been married since they were seven but were very good spouses when they were through a phase of picking dates by cleavage and tath-

er than a more mature system. They were the most likely to tell me they were nice and they got along, shaking their heads slowly, wondering what had happened to their old friend. **Fox.**

**Norm and Andy.** Don't worry—Andy's a girl. Norm and I had shared a common house for a few years. We knew way too much about each other's weaknesses when it came to women. He was the most likely to sit through the whole thing and tell me I'd gotten out of control simply because I was a sucker for Elyas's sexy, thrifty voice. Norm would definitely be the one to let me know the marriage was doomed if Elyas ever got layings.

**Glen and Sharon.** The lowest problems here. Sharon's a grown-up. I knew she'd be polite. I was counting on her. Glen would act the role of a concerned uncle, asking questions, making sure she was good enough for me. Then, the next morning, he'd call me up and ask for as many intimate details of our sex life as I'd reveal.

I gave Elyas the madman on everyone when we had a drink before the dinner party. We'd been going along great the past few days. I'd had great dates after my evening of smoke inhalation, but during Days 1, 2, and 3, I remembered why I loved her. We had the same story in service—it was about raising a valid with her then with any woman I'd ever met. This means a lot to me. My last onetime girlfriend and I nearly came to blows in Vegas once. I always wanted to see Lashed Vegas one more time, she never stopped trying to get me to see Dave Davis.

Elyas and I also both loved Indian food, watching Tom while cuddling on the couch, just imagine the pleasure of having after the wedding that your wife is an Ella Fitzgerald dancin', and going over other things. We both hated women who could not tell you their names, the one of picking a cat in Manhattan, and anyone who would let the science on business. Our only adult designation came when we discussed having kids. However, before we could go over that, she wanted them soon. She knew that I might want them one day, why didn't we wait and see what happened? She figured she could change my mind. I figure of the could, not that as we talked about raising kids, the mentioned Hebrew school. My wedding lights turned to look. Sex, politics, and money—no problem on my mind. She was also going on the same side. But now, of all things, religion? I knew she wasn't deeply religious, but it turned out she had a deep cultural attachment to the faith. I'm not on level of attachment to culture of my kind. This would be a big problem—but I was sure we would work it out somehow. Even though I had very deep beliefs in our values, I didn't feel that it was the time to come. Love is great, isn't it?

So, in general, on the side of the Upper West Side, I was reasonably calm about dinner. My wife was a nervous wreck, however. I liked her even more for being nervous—she knew how important this was to me.

We had nothing to worry about. She was a Jewish kindergarten parent perfectly. Norm turned out to be the most important. He entered the room. "Come," he said to Elyas, holding out his arm. "Come over." And when he got close enough

gush her. "Is this a face? Will you look at this face?"

Kathleen and Dominick seemed up to her standards. Kathleen's charming and fun. Glen was fascinated by her entrepreneurial side and gilled her about her business for money matters honestly. I'm sorry, trying to figure out a way to look up her down. Nancy recognized her from a story that was on People magazine earlier. It was all about what a sexually active married businessman the wife and how cleverly she'd turned her own passion into a lucrative scheme. I was shocked because Elyas had never mentioned to me she'd been in People. I feel money must be coming in a wife.

We ate, drank, and laughed until well after midnight.

At the evening's end there was laughing and kissing and good feelings.

I had high hopes for the survival of my marriage.

#### DAY 6 OF MARRIED LIFE Dancing with Her Job

ELYAS PUTS OFF NEWSPAPERS. People pay handsomely for them so they can find out exactly where they can get the best bargains on cheap made shoes and unique clothing made in gold or bronze and a stunning selection of perfume day-after-day morning dress. One of her favorites is an expensive pair of white and black shopping by mail. Another one is a computer report on women, shoes, and shoes in the to-be-seen. It's remarkable that the book this business. Unfortunately for me, and, as I also found it remarkably boring.

This night, she asked me to go to a cocktail party. I remember we started a new magazine all about the person of women. I just couldn't wait to read it.

The party was at the First Season, a big book again. It was filled with women whose main goal in life was to be successful enough to be attended in Spy. We were at the party because Elyas was featured in the premier issue.

As the husband of one of the stars of the evening, I was given my very own free copy of the magazine. On page 45, there it was: a big picture of my lower half. The main headline was in the middle.

1. Elyas is a confirmed narcissist.  
2. She grossed more than \$20,000 a year from her pocket-size garden (it turned out).  
3. She's worked at Caltech as a vice president (she never mentioned that).

4. Sample sales happen when designers open their doors to the public and let them buy at wholesale prices. They do this to close out their inventory.

After the party, I told Elyas that I liked parties. She told me she loved parties. We seemed to be at a social company. I didn't tell her I hated her job. I didn't think we were ready for that yet.

#### DAY 7 OF MARRIED LIFE Meeting My Friends

I HAD TO WORK ALL DAY ON Saturday, so the dinner was in Elyas's hands. I felt a little guilty, but my wife—it gets even to my in more pieces—did a spectacular job. Our dining table was beautifully set, the

## The Former Mrs. Gethers Replies

BY ELYSA LAZAR

IF ONLY I HADN'T PETERED OUT I HADN'T BEEN AS SUCCESSFUL AS MY LAST OTHER WIFE. I was shocked, I cried, I sobbed, I cried to heaven, but nothing I could do or say equaled a feeling sufficient to shed the bitterness I have for her husband.

There is one woman Peter loves. He loves his mother. She is this, he enjoys playing out, and a great one. I refused her playing out to him that these criteria extremely seemed to be essential around 1970, which seems to be the year in which Peter married her.

Peter likes an old-fashioned girl because he is an old-fashioned boy. Modern men, or as I have heard, occasionally help out the house, understanding that modern women tend to work. But when we had a dinner party, Peter was extremely about over the course of the several days that I shopped and cooked, and when it was time to clean up, he was extremely tired. I didn't complain. As Peter also enjoys playing out, he was asked in Beverly Hills, where he apparently learned that young, princely men are placed on the planet by his sword.

Sometime, in Beverly Hills, or one night his mothers. His sister told me of the party was a considerable embarrassment to me. My friends were clearly up to the level of his, where he often continued. Michael and Roman were their first names. It was up to me to figure out their last names were Douglas and Pulaski. Another thing Peter seems to have learned in Beverly Hills was how to be a good protector.

I suppose it is wrong to hope that a man or a few women heads with such intelligent people could be interested in a female working girl like me. And as far as I could tell, he wasn't—an opinion I derived from several small details. He never watched me on television, never asked me any work, and showed interest, almost absent, heretofore whenever I mentioned it. But then, after all, he had bigger things on his mind. He thought he was writing about his relationship with his wife, the one relationship that he values and maintains, aside, of course, from those with Michael and Roman.

You may wonder why I bothered at all. I wonder, too. I suppose the answer is that there is something different about two people who barely know each other pretending to be married. That I began exhibiting the illusion for a short time, that we would, in fact, never have.

Whatever Peter learned about chemistry, it seems to have been from his lab. But an animal could ever master Peter's astonishing skills, which manifested itself on the many days he spent from the scene and remained associated through any of his career of answering machines. When he would react, usually about a week later, it was with an explosion. Maybe that's how they did things in Beverly Hills, but I wasn't raised there. So, the only logical explanation was that he was a misanthrope, an assassin, or the kind of man who would talk about getting married to one woman while actually living with another.

Our evenings were always spent at my apartment. Once, we were a block away from his, and I suggested we go there. I've always thought apartments reveal the character and posture of their owners. But Peter, open and spontaneous as ever, wouldn't let me see it.

The cheating lady had quit, he said.

Trouble in Paradise  
FOR THE  
FIRST TIME, PETER  
WANTED TO  
CUSH THAT OLD  
MARETTE IN  
ELYSA'S FACE  
BUT ONCE  
FOR A MOMENT



#### Familiarly Binds

Comment:  
THE QUESTION IS  
THIS—HOW  
DO YOU KEEP A  
HUSBAND  
FRESH AFTER THE  
FIRST FIVE  
OR SIX DAYS?

meats—yes, the really and truly can make a roast, Hermet—was perfectly cooked, the wine selection could not have been better. O lucky guy! Except for two things: I had a miserable time, and I'm fairly sure her friends hated me.

Elysa and I clearly had chosen different paths somewhere down the line. She was warm and open and welcomed all sorts of people to her home in a caring and loving way. I was awkward and aloof and welcomed people getting close to me about the same way the eighteenth century welcomed lepers.

Did I know that I'm a snob? Well, I am. I'm especially snooty about comedy. I hung around with a lot of preposterous funny people. My friends are funny. My friends thought they were funny. One of them told a joke about George Jones—I swear—in which the aggressive punch line was "But until I heard your comedy, Mr. Jones, I didn't know how much my cat had done for Jones!" As if that wasn't bad enough, when another friend told a not great—and old—joke, friend number one said, "Sure, that's funny. But that Jones story—that's a classic."

About halfway through the evening—at the point when Elysa put on a CD of Bulgarian chimes—I started to panic. The conversation was almost as horrible as the music. It was either about media people dying alone, wanted to know, or pretended to know, recent seasons with their shenanigans, or mothers. I've never been in a room full of people who weren't my aunts and heard the word mother used so often. There was but one focus in the world!

The more I panicked, the more silent I became. The more silent I became, the more these people were looking at me and thinking, "Our wonderful Elysa

married this jerk's mother!"

I was starting to think the same thing.

#### DAY 12 OF MARRIED LIFE Getting an Apartment

WE COMPARED BANK ACCOUNTS, and suddenly I had visions of a professor, perhaps something as minor as Mock Long, with a full gymnasium and pool table in every room. Then I remembered we lived in Manhattan and started thinking about an awesome studio with a terrace in the hall.

The morning of our apartment-shopping expedition, I had a slightly traumatic experience. I was in my apartment when the phone rang. It was an old girlfriend who didn't know I'd left the single life behind me. She wanted me to come over and have sex. Here was the perfect test. It wasn't anyone I cared about seeing again, so all I had to do was tell her the semitruth—that I was married. But to my horror, I couldn't bring myself to do it. It sounded as... passionate. I simply put her off and said I'd call her sometime. I realized that if I was kept a separate apartment, there would be two steady opportunities to be seduced. The last thing I needed in my marriage was temptation.

One other problem with our housing situation: I like old, charming, and rustic. My apartment is filled with Early American furniture and lighting fixtures. Elysa thinks my taste is too "costly." Her apartment is filled with all the gleaming metal and black leather. Who was her decorator? Darth Vader!

But before we could argue about furnishing a place, we had to find one. She wanted to live in Gramercy Park. I wanted to live in Tribeca. I wasn't sold about Gramercy Park. She looked Tribeca. She pointed a little bit and looked particularly scary. She rubbed a fingertip along my thigh. I agreed to look in Gramercy Park.

The place we saw in her favorite neighborhood was about as appealing as Railway Station. The cost was six times what we wanted, but there was potential. Even Elysa saw that. But one as I started getting excited about downtown loft living, she dropped the bombshell: "There are no good schools in Tribeca."

Don't worry. I didn't actually say, "But we're not in school," although it did take me a good ten seconds to realize what she meant.

I decided we could live in Darth Vader's apartment a little while longer. I also decided I'd definitely keep my place and submit it. Just in case.

#### DAY 14 OF MARRIED LIFE Meeting Her Folks

ELYSA WAS A LITTLE CONCERNED about my meeting her parents. Her mother was a warm, wonderful woman—the perfect mother—but her father, although also wonderful, she said, was "quite a character."

On the drive out to her brother-in-law's Long Island apartment, I envisioned a Youcan Sam kind of guy. A little fuzzy, on the loud side, perhaps a bit goofy. I was partially right. He had the energy of Yoda.



May the road rise to meet you,  
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May the wind be always at your back,  
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IT TAKE  
FERRIS BUDDY TO  
BE SINGLE  
AGAIN

sense him. He also had the top score of humor of Joey Adams, the polished innings of Arlo the Hun, the supportive nature of Elmo, and the compassion of the Live Standing comedian as The Godfather, Part II.

It started me pleasantly enough. *Men+Women* was smart, pleasant for her client's happiness. Dad—Also—asked me what I did for a living. I told him, and it seemed acceptable. He made the obligatory funny remarks because everyone expected it of him, being such a character. I have a feeling Abe and the George Jessel guy would have loved each other. He had some sense. The brother-in-law, a really nice guy, seemed like an. The food was delicious. There, somehow, God only knows why, my father-in-law brought up the subject of police. Here are some of the pleasant things I learned about Pop's—he didn't mind if I called him Pop—views of life.

He hasn't quite gotten over World War II. He seemed unhappy that some Jews of Japan had managed to escape the experience of atomic fallout. He had a charming habit of rolling his eyes when someone disagreed with him and acting as if that person were retarded. He hasn't quite gotten over the Vietnam War either. He thinks that anyone who doesn't love America basically deserves to share the fate of the Chinese family. He finds divorce repugnant, although not as repulsive as abortion. He's even writing. When Eliza tried to order his steak medium rare, he misread the order as medium. She stuck up for her own taste and argued with her father. When it came, she said it was delicious, and he told her it was because it was actually medium. She told him it wasn't. *Arms* told him it wasn't. The brother-in-law—the guy who owned the restaurant—told him it wasn't. But Abe

said that it was, and that was that.

I gave up early on. Conversation was useless (also nearly impossible—the guy likes to talk). At one point I considered breaking my glass on the table and using the jagged edge to slice his tongue out. I didn't think that would be a plus in the marriage, however.

In his defense, he was never his friendly fatherly form, possibly, the son who'd moved to Alaska to get away from him, and now his son-in-law. Any one of them could ask for the sun or the moon and would get it. Unfortunately, I got the distinct impression that if anyone outside his family bothered him, Abe was about as compassionate as the shark in *Jaws*.

On the other hand, Eliza noted that I'd been a really quiet during dinner. It occurred to me it would be appropriate to tell her we couldn't have children. If my father-in-law's genes were passed along, I'd have to kill myself.

AS ALL THINGS MUST, our marriage ended in this world's deadline of nine years. The divorce was amazingly painless. I think we assumed friends. Eliza said I, although a week after we parted ways, she got to me as only an ex-wife could, by leaving a message on my phone machine that I was the "noisiest asshole" she'd ever met because I hadn't sent a note to her parents thanking them for letting me have dinner with them.

That was the first lesson I learned from this whole experience. Some people shouldn't play house—they take it too personally. And, honey, sorry I wasn't a mean commensurate husband—but now you know why I didn't wear a note. It would have been a letter bomb.

What else did I learn? That if I ever met the right woman, I could live in Greenwich Park. That if I'd really been married to Eliza, I probably could have gotten to like her friends, if I gave them half a chance (although I would have no hand and never appreciate either Belgians or cheese or George Jessel jokes). I think the last lesson was unworkable. Eliza's biological clock is ticking into a biological caisson.

It seems wrong somehow that friendship (which we had) and passion (which we really could have had if she hadn't been so afraid I'd wear off about as much as enough to make a marriage work. But the arrangement not only added up, they tend to dominate. Marriage is as much about liking the same man that's attracted to us as the coffee table as it is about commitment to the same ideal. And, for the record, the given name that my "ex-wife" collides are the ugliest things I've ever seen.

Can one really play at being married? Of course not. Can one rehearse in one week, and be prepared to take over the role for a lifetime? Not a chance. But can we learn about ourselves? Yes, I'm selfish—I ran out on the dirty dishes after Eliza's perfect dinner. Can we learn about marital disaster/chaos? Most certainly. Even as play, I suspect life as if I had a choice: collect on my last two weeks, and it made me cranky, short-tempered, and unusually down-right mean. Can we find any traditions, lessons of things to come, cautions for better or being hurt? Definitely.

Would I get married now, after eating my meals and, honestly, taking reasonably? Probably.

But not until I see her parents first. ☐



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## The Esquire Express Traveler

A GUIDE TO JOURNEYS THAT ARE MEASURED IN DAYS, NOT WEEKS

# MEMPHIS

### How It Got Like This

Memphis may be the one town in America where Elvis is never seen anyone. The very fact of a possibility that he might be alive must terribly city fathers. For if he were, what would happen to the \$50,000-or-so bid to number approximately equal to the city's population who visit his home each year?

In recent years Memphis has been rattified by the three Kings—and their deaths. Although the cotton factors still operate in their century-old buildings along Front Street, King Cotton, sitting for years, was the first to go. His demise might be marked by the day the King Cotton Hotel was "implored" by the demolition boys to make way for a multi-colored loach tower.

In the wake of the King assassination, the thing that most upset Memphians was not being called racist or racist, but their city being called "a backwater." In a city whose busy sewer system brought the yellow fever that nearly killed it in the 1870s, in a city that always seemed somehow amphibious, this hurt. It inspired a rush to tear down everything more than ten years old and to null Main Street.

And, of course, the King of rock 'n' roll, "Good cancer gone," the cynic said when we lost Elvis. Good, certainly, for Memphis. This is why you see Japanese, Belgians, and Germans in Memphis. Long-haired Elvis released the heroisms of Keith Richards, Italian food the city as exotic as Memphis, Egypt.



### The Hotel FALLON SLEPT HERE

Every day, the docks at the Peabody Hotel emerge from an elevator and proceed to the fountain in the lobby to the accompaniment of John Philip Sousa's "King Cotton" march and the flaring of trumpet strokes

The tradition began in the 1930s as sort of a good-bye joke, when the hotel's general manager or porter put housing droops in the lounge. But wooden droops, mind you, that live ones—especially trained ducks used to draw their wild count waltz range—were illegal.

A postcard from the late 1930s shows the Peabody today: a night view of the grand Renaissance Revival Mediterranean building tucked in against floodlight so it resembles a huge

pile of brick, topped by the moon sign, its base crisscrossed with the black detail of ridges and passing nozzles. In 1991 the old place closed, to be reopened six years and \$45 million later as a picture symbol of the arrival of downtown.

The lobby is a great place, with a bar at one end, a mezzanine around its perimeter for greeters, and a constant coming-and-going around the fountain. The lobby shops sell every possible kind of duck-related souvenir,

from duck pillows to duck-hand-handled umbrellas. The restaurants are called Mother's and Dad. They work due duck Address: 149 Union Avenue, telephone 340-PEABODY. Cost: \$30-\$50.

### Texture of the Town WHERE TO CATCH THE URBAN RAIN

Glennfield, The surrounding neighborhood runs to low-rise and low-rise places—and



BY PHIL PATTON

## GOOD FOOD GUARANTEED

THE LAST THING YOU WANT  
TO DO ON A SHORT TRIP IS WAIT A MEAL

**CHARLIE YBROO'S BENEVOLENCE.** A few steps from the Peabody, this is by many accounts the best barbecue restaurant in Memphis. The slow and moist beef tenderness is the attraction of this institution of "dry" ribs, but when a supersensitized condition of spices is added to the meat in place of the sticky liquidity of the traditional "sauce" treatment, General Washburn Alley, aka 52 South Second Street.

**LEONARD'S.** Opened in 1932 by Leonard Neulinger, Leonard's claims to be the best drive-in, a claim substantiated chiefly by the fact that the place is kept exactly as it appeared in, say, 1932. Including, it would appear, the very same waitresses. Today, these ladies tend over their 20th-century pads to tell you confidentially that the cars used to be left over from parking, they're just eaters-in, it's much you want to think about something else. In front, the sign with the painted pig is peeling. Out back, the Macadamie brick pit and chimney are built as solid as the Rainey. But don't let the down-at-head ambience fool you. This is the home of the original pork-shoulder sandwich, topped with redneck fat though one must make a bit of the best hot sauce for best effect. The original is at 1145 South Exchange Road.

**CORRY'S BAR-B-Q.** Don't let the shoddiness of Corry's, not even at 8200 Poplar Avenue, fool you either, or the fact that it won't a Memphis magazine readers' poll as the best in town. The bones, biscuits and ribs are superior, and pretty fair barbecue—Mississippi that is variety, rare here—are on the menu. For overnight dispatch of this by FedEx 800-384-898.

There is no reason you cannot eat barbecue all day, every day. But for your cheap-as-in-the-children-of-the-1980s-WAY GRILL 1998 Mississippi, and for your hard-earned, the family greens with fried potatoes, and other solid southern house cooking at THE LITTLE TBA 30467, downtown at 50 Monroe Avenue. There's a food ticket system whereby you check off the vegetables you want: the greens, okra, blackberry, or whatever. The specials change with the day of the week, but there are always corn sticks and redneck soups.

**MEMPHIS.** In South Creek Mall, the kind of shopping center that houses Banana Republic, Benetton, and Brooks Brothers. Sublimated merging of Memphis, L.A., and southwestern trends, with any hint of resolute simplicity reinforced by heritages: e.g., blouses combining vintage and wild hair. Reserve. 7615 West Farmington Boulevard, Germantown. 901-757-4323.



**Greenland Herds.** Across the street, at Greenland Plaza, just off the plaza and the car. At the home itself, the garden is helpful, ignoring their accompanying accounts with: "Academy." What photo was originally white, but as a birthday present for Elvin, Prudell

had placed in treasury last year as gold." Cultural Context—"You are here the expert on the wall. That is a California word." Notes on Providence—"All the families for the single room was bought right here in Memphis, it's approximately thirty minutes." On a

hazy note, Boris Moe Papp, Elvin's son, it said as still made on the program.

The big film event, Elvin International Tribuna Week, comes around the anniversary of his death, in August. Any time, everywhere and ahead (100-416-0000). The best video is 1995, but go for Cashe No. 1, which gets you the surprises, the auto museum, and so on. **King's Road.** These are original rooms of order Elvin was, but you can take your own of Elvin's first studio San Antonio, and Union Avenue. Of course Elvin's boyfriend home, Lenderville's Church. Public house, overall where, now black, it city Washburn Street.

Elvin's first adult home: the much home at 2014 Audubon

Elvin's high school, Elvin (now James) High School, 459 Madison.

Elvin's home school: King River Institute of Self-Defense, 1211 Poplar Avenue.

An absolutely complete story might include a glimpse at Elvin's Memorial Hospital, 100 Madison, where the King was pronounced dead, and the successfully named Elvin Pinsky Memorial Trauma Center at the Medical Center Hospital.

**Piggly Wiggly.** This is the city that started the self-service grocery—no credit, no delivery, even the Piggly Wiggly. The first Piggly Wiggly, once at 39 1/2 Union Avenue, has been moved inside the Park Police museum, the most museum of Piggly Wiggly's museum and museum. Claret's museum, finished just about the time he found was, in 1945-1950 General Avenue.

**THE SORT.** Only in Memphis could this happen: Each night there is a writing lot for the opportunity to watch the packages come through

Federal Express world headquarters. No kidding: they call it "the sort," and it's an event. Ten to fifteen thousand people a year do the sort. They line up to see how more than a million packages get sorted between here and there, dispersed from the places landing each morning, stacked, stacked, and stored from the company's owner. FedEx runs sort at 10:15 P.M. and 12:15 A.M. weekdays. There's no charge. Call DeLoach Green at 901-320-3450 to make a reservation. And forget about Friday nights; they're booked two months ahead.



WALCOURT TRAIL

**ALVIN STUDIOS.** 705 Union Avenue, you can visit a museum where Elvin and the Killer and Johnny Cash did. Or go to Greenland Studio, right across from the museum. About \$30 per song, living your own ideas.

**Acquisitions**  
LOCALS FOR SIGNIFICANT ARTISTS

Across the street from the Peabody is a place called **Donner's Antiques, Gifts & Collectibles**, "catering to the Memphis man" and full of model boats and airplanes and top cars. The Memphis side of a greenhouse is suggested by some of the other memorabilia: 1940s/50s/60s/70s, a great collection of brown boxes and bayonets, and an extensive display of elaborately engraved silver forks, decorated and carved for considerable money in one pocket. 37 South Second Street.

**Elvin's Secretive Studio.** Founded in 1954, its facade dated out in World War-style red, white, and blue bawling. Schenck's art museum is unusual as much as in revealing: his full of extra-wide, high-colored ribbons on men, rolls of Lenderville. It's a yard, more like a large studio, so big, they

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One day, the Army Corps of Engineers just decided to put a hole in the middle of Flowering Walls Road, near Pottersboro, Texas. A big hole.



In any given year, you won't get through Elbert's Pass near Bear Valley, California with an average of 425 inches of snow rain away.



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The Pleasure Ships.



## The Esquire Express Traveler

should come with care, the complete line of Dr. Byrde's woodoo potions, including the "Time Re-jelling" and "Do as I Say" formulas. While you're there, pick up a copy of *Beale Street Saturday Night*, a musical album of old Beale Street music and musicians—16 by Beale Street.



### Take Me to the River

The best music in town, many days, is out on Beale Street, on Saturday nights. It is at the FUNKY 505, 1748 EMERALD, 787 Beale Road, not far from Graceland. Remember Al Green, Ponder, Sade on 11:00 a.m.

"Everybody is welcome," he says. "This is the church of love." It is also a church with an expert, a priest, an electric guitar player, a drummer, and a choir that can sing. The congregation is referred to as "the audience."

"Give Jesus a big hand," Ben Green will often say. There is even a little guide in your program that explains, with clock figures, such phenomena you might encounter as "preaching of tongues," "telling under the power," "singing in the Spirit," and "dancing before the Lord."

Preaching is not really new for Ben Green. He plays his way across the twenty rocks of the gospel as if he were a football player, feeling his way for grounds from which to launch his song. The transition happens gradually, almost imperceptibly. He may well touch on the story of his conversion—one named a rock "I got out," the next a man of God. He will certainly sing, as the Spirit moves him.

"Say 'Praise the Lord,' somebody."

Somebody does.

### A Nightcrawler's Night Out

BEALE STREET BOOGIE

They've been trying to clean up Beale since the 1970s. All through Prohibition, Beale had Crump bought to keep Beale unencumbered by the law. Then, in 1930, in a fit of respectability, he shut down the whole town. It was the beginning of the end.

After the King assassination, they tried again. "We want to make it look just like Bourbon Street," one city luminary said without irony.

But yes, there's still music in the old street. 8 & King's club will open late this summer. As for Beale, the new main spots are the *Beale Street Club*, where the best live music is sold, and the *Beale Hall*. The Hall, in fact, features Mike Budini and the Handy Hall All-Stars on Friday and Saturdays, with occasional guests. The food, downstairs, runs to Green and hot home.

For jazz there's the *King's Palace Club* (1412 Beale). At the *Barber Club* (1418 Beale), you'll find live jazz 6:30 to 11:00 p.m. The wonderful archaic facade of the *Beale Theater* remains, and at the *Goodman* (1418 Beale), across the street, you might find new rock—the likes of the Rev. Horton Heat, a product of rockabilly and The Night of the Hunter.

### A Reality Check

HOW TO CALL THE LOCAL BUZZ

The Arcade Hotel, where, in Jim Jarmusch's *Mystery Train*, "Secretariat" (by Hankston) plays the agile clerk, now wears plywood on its windows. Across the way, the *Arcade Diner*, which has been open twenty-four hours a day since 1939, has barely as



### THE FIVE BEST ELVIS SOUVENIRS

1. **THE GUITAR-SHAPED HAIRBRUSH.** A perfect piece of pop art—no it is *not* a hairbrush. \$2.95.
2. **ELVIS LEVEE.** The two-foot-high, singing Elvis doll, driven by motorcycle. Discourteously, the figure has no feet, only mechanical stiles hooked in the back. \$99.95 at *Southern of Elvis*, 3727 Elvis Presley Boulevard.
3. **THE CRYSTAL BUSH.** It looks like an ice sculpture and lights up from the inside. It doesn't look much like Elvis, but who cares? Everybody knows what Elvis looked like. \$49.95. *Lisa Marie Gift Shop*, Graceland Plaza.
4. **ELVIS PLAYING GARDENS.** The jester is E.P. in karate garb. \$3.95. Everywhere.
5. **A PRESLEY SPEAKER.** The essence of *Yester Presley*, Elvis' music. \$9.95.

the single warden doing cross-wind paddles. South Men has been declared an "anti-dance," and the old man stance is in danger of being torn down. The soft, cautious trend of the Beale book is hard, and the score of micro-wednesday is a warning in way outlandish from the con-cordance of the Beale's alone the most.

They call Memphis "the Staff City"—a name that ought to make any visitor wary, even if the heart's not the pursuit of the orange-rope with the caption: *EVERY MAN'S TOWN IS A TOWN OF COTTON—AND A LOT EASIER TO PICK.*

So many of The whereabouts, the late-1960s, the late-1960s, the late-1960s.

**Mad Island,** a sort of theme park with musical ruins, the 5-7 Memphis Belle, a swimming pool, and a "working model" of the Mississippi River, constructed on an island deposited in the river by the kind-ness of the Mississippi.

**The Mid-America Mall,** formerly North Main Street, now closed to traffic and closed.

**The Memphis Motel.** There are plans to spend \$4 million to restore the site of Martin Luther King's assassination to its "truest civil appearance" and turn it into the National Civil Rights Museum. **E**

**Phil Patton's music, Charlie Doby,** once lived in Memphis. That was after he lived in Jackson City.



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THIS HEART  
IS A MURDER

# A Case of WIFE MURDER

Charles Stuart's hunger for  
a new life meant doing something  
wicked to the one he had

FROM A MARKETING PERSPECTIVE, this murder had just about everything. At its core, it had the whole, attractive, middle-class couple so critical for mass appeal. It had the necessary measure of sudden, senseless violence, not only against a loving wife, but also, a not even more disturbing, against an unborn child. And most important, it had a surprise ending. ■ There were so many engrossing ways of examining the case too, so many intriguing lines of inquiry. It had the race angle, the class angle, the insurance-money angle, the psychopath angle, the family angle, the other-woman angle, the bungled-police-investigation angle, and, at its heart, most vivid of all, the gender-war angle. As a rule, women reacted instinctively to the murder, identifying completely with the pregnant Carol Stuart. (Curiously, the two people I know who suspected Clark Stuart from the first were both women.)

Men, unable to identify with Clark, responded with a bemused fascination that quickly gave way to the kind of jokes that women rarely laugh at: What's the difference between Chuck Souss and Larry Bird? Bird jumps first, then shoots. According to one Boston newspaper poll, while 79 percent of married respondents assured they still trusted their spouses after the murder, 14 percent owed up to some nagging doubts.

The only elements the tale lacked were a hero—a grizzled cop who doggedly tracked down the killer, say—and a heroine to reveal the inside story of what really happened and why. But it had so much else, more of us were willing to overlook such deficiencies. It was, in many of the thirteen hastily written book proposals (mine among them) read, a combination of *Fatal Visions* (about a Green Beret who snuffed and murdered his family) and *Common Ground* (about conflicts of race and class in Boston's housing crisis)—two best sellers in one.

Drop away the cluttered rhetoric and the global iterations, however, and you're left with the most dreary and ordinary of homicides: Husband kills wife.

BY JOHN SEDGWICK



There were about twenty thousand murders committed last year in the United States. Roughly one quarter were family affairs. Of those, roughly half involved one spouse doing to the other. So we can estimate that about 4,000 American spouses are dispatched every year in this way. To be sure, husbands kill women more often than wives kill husbands, 40 percent to 38. Men are far more likely than women to be killed by friends or associates. Forty-two percent of all female murder victims are slain by relatives, and when those relatives are wives, their husbands are the men who usually do it. It can be taken as an indication of Chuck Stuart's considerable talent as a cold killer that it apparently never occurred to his wife—well aware of the statistics—to seriously suspect him. A wife's propensity is so disastrous to her being slain, indeed, although some authorities argue that this stems from the fact that pregnant women are usually under force, and murder is by and large an activity of the young.

Even the statistics in this case—Chuck's fatal phone call to Telenor—should not have been much of a surprise. Husbands commonly avoid the murderess's not-by-the-obviousness, leading to at least one researcher to suspect that husband-murder rings as "as much suicidal as homicidal." By contrast, wives who kill their husbands rarely kill themselves.

But the Stuart case was extraordinary in at least two respects. More precise than an impression, without any thought of doing a murder confession: "Most crime places in the country are a physical fight," says Professor Murray Saxe, associate of the Family Research Laboratory at the University of New Hampshire. "There's an argument, there's anger, and bang, someone's dead." More killings occur in the bedrooms, in part because that's where the gun is often kept, and it's a difficult place from which to witness. The kitchen comes in second—that's where the knives are. The most deadly time comes on Friday and Saturday nights, between midnight and 4 a.m. in the morning, when the provocations tend to be drunk. The general sense of reason set what you'd expect—child raising, money, and sexual jealousy, the big three in any category. But the precipitating arguments can be surprisingly small. They frequently come down on struggles over what to watch on television or who gets to use the bathroom first.

Experts believe that only about 1 percent of marital homicides are planned in advance. Women are more likely to plan ahead, since their plan is greater if they try but fail. But women generally kill only in response to abusive husbands. Men are driven by other motives. They do it for covetousness, money, to avoid divorce, to free themselves to pursue another woman. To plan and carry out your wife's murder requires tremendous self-control and a powerful imagination. You have to think yourself capable of committing the ultimate crime. You need to calmly weigh the act's legal and financial consequences. All the while, of course, you must be sure enough to its immediate human implications. Chuck's law was not the only way to force months to double their quality. Months after Carol Stuart died, a report came from New Hampshire's oldest newspaper—old Kennebec Journal, who allegedly paid two men about \$1,000 each to risk to death his thirty-six-year-old wife, Sharon, at a construction site while he looked on. He was deeply as delirious and seemed to collect on a \$100,000 life insurance policy. Like Carol Stuart, Sharon Johnson was seven months pregnant at the time. Just south of Boston, in Norwalk, Connecticut, former Eastern Airlines pilot Richard Cukla was severely injured to fifty years in prison for the "smothering murder," in which he crushed his wife's skull, drove her corpse in a basement furnace, stood it up with a chain saw, and fed the chunks into a roasting wood chipper for disposal in a nearby

oven. Unfortunately for him, investigators recovered a fingerprint, two teeth, and several strands of hair—enough to identify the victim. Cukla apparently was reluctant to discuss that his wife had hired a private investigator to photograph him with the company of his mistress. Given Peter John MacDonnell discovered his wife and children and then learned they'd been done in by murdering hangers. New Jersey insurance salesman Rob Marshall hired a hit man to dispatch his wife and then avowed a role of a crowd gunman.

It is typical in these schemes for the killer to emerge with some hairy story about a drugged-based stranger. But Chuck Stuart went much further. He offered a meticulous description of his wife's features—describing his "tongue, tongue" nose, "spiky" forehead hair, black forehead cap, black square jacket with "two or three" and stripes, and black driving gloves with exposed knuckles. He filled such convincing details as the casual use of the expression "five-O," meaning a police officer, taken from the old TV show *Mannix* Five-O, it's a crime that Boston police up to common only to the Mattia 1961 area, where the murder occurred. Chuck had obviously also read the recent, well-publicized shootings in the neighborhood, and the reports of a \$1,000 bounty supposedly being offered by gang leaders for a shot-up, fleeing, leading credibility to Chuck's claim that the "stranger" opened the door saying that the Stuart might be police. In the age of Willie Horton, Chuck seemed drew on the popular mythology as a readily true story. He knew how easily businessmen would accept the notion that a black man could come knocking out of the night to rob and shoot a white couple waiting in front the suburbs. Finally, to settle all responses, Chuck gave himself an injury to sustain that no one could think he did it himself. Indeed, the suspicion who owned Stuart at Boston City Hospital and later it never found his mind that the wound might have been self-inflicted. At press time a gated jury was believed to have been investigating the possibility that Stuart had an accomplice pull the trigger. Afterward, Chuck played the role of the grieving widower with some material touches—writing out, in sobriety terms, a letter for his wife that brought out from the night husband's moment at Carol Stuart's funeral, and writing, in the hospital, to be wheeled alongside his dying unborn son. Stuart's lawyer reports that his law team will upon Chuck's eyes whenever he spoke of his dead wife. It was as if Chuck had studied all the true crime books and learned from his predecessors' mistakes. When they pulled back, he charged forward—seriously confident of the power of his fiction. Indeed, Robert Winks, a Yale history professor and regular reviewer of mystery books, said that Stuart had composed a "killer" that held up brilliantly as both the history and the criminal version of the crime. "What he was doing was doing out a novel," said Winks. "He was being his own author."

OF COURSE, ANY MAN capable of writing out a homicide letter but suddenly overcome chance might be said simply to possess an excessive desire to write his own story. Chuck Stuart certainly possessed a powerful drive to create a more glamorous, prosperous person for himself, something in keeping with the idols of his time. But he took the American Dream into the realm of darkness, in clinical terms, he was probably a psychopath, incapable of feeling either guilt or empathy. He forged emotions because he did not feel them. And so a may be seen in proof of the attraction of opponents that the woman Chuck Stuart married will be undoubtedly finally in part for her capacity grounded approach to life. When he was talking about the way he was, where he was poor, she was real. More than one of her friends had received what they worriedly termed "Carol talks," in which she gently but firmly set them on sight about their woman's sensitive behavior. It's yet another measure of Chuck's talent for creating believable fiction that he was able to take such a woman in



completely—so completely that, when it finally came time to visit the back of a certain grimy Mission Hill housing project, Carol rode along in their rednecks blue Toyota Crusade while at losing the back ride for what it was.

They had just come from the second bombing class at Brigham and Women's Hospital on the outskirts of Boston's medical district that Monday night, October 3. The second route home involved a quick left past the hospital, north onto Huntington Ave. or, instead, Clark drove straight across Huntington, past clock storefronts, bombed-out buildings, vacant lots, and desolate main corners. Three blocks down he turned left on Gurney Street and plunged into the project. Maybe he said just a word or two. He may be still out there.

He pulled up by some empty parking spaces at the corner of Seneca and Mulberry, a spot so meandering and bleak that even the drag dealers stay away. The confusion is heightened only by the cabbies who drive pedestrians there for admission fees. At this point, Chuck might well have admitted, finally, that he was lost. Perhaps under some pressure—looking for a map—he may have reached into his suitcase in the backseat, where he could have hidden the street plot and cash, and then, with his hand

With Carol as doubt-  
pewing assistant out her  
window, sure it was from  
there that any danger would

■ ■er friend recalls, "If Carol had a theme, it was a family theme. She wanted to be Harriet, from *Ozzie and Harriet*."

crane, Check could have quietly swung back into his seat, pointed the gun at her head, put above and behind her left ear and pulled the trigger.

The explosion must have been deafening. Caeli's head lurched forward and thumped sideways on her chest, her torso held in place by her seat belt. Blood streamed down her neck. Inside her mouth the firm seated to subside. Chuck cut the lights and engine and flipped down the visor on Caeli's side to hide what he had done. Then he removed her diamond engagement ring. It couldn't have come easily, since her fingers were already swollen due to the concussion.

Since his crime was worth \$115,000 in insurance money (with possibly well more to be discovered), it seems easier to explain his murder as essentially mercenary. A few

the liquidators of assets. But was worldly more so him dead than alive, and he cashed them in. But there are other ways of gaining money, any number of scams are available to a man of Church's considerable talents. He could, for example, sue the city. And so some reckon that Carol was worthless so soon, that the marriage was empty. That means not to have been the case at all. After weeks of introspection, spiritualists insist that the empty stall behind the fountain had, in fact, been the ideal marriage portrayed in the initial newspaper reports of the "Cannon couple." Out there in the normal, even-tempered atmosphere of 1992.

At the time of the murder, they had been married just over four years. The Senners had celebrated their anniversary only six days before, and they did it in a manner that was typical for them—driving to Connecticut to meet friends for the weekend. The Senners were often taking off like that around New England, to see friends or to look swag up on someone's company line. They often ate out together after work, and they went to all the big Celtics, Bruins, and Red Sox games. During the season, they frequently went away around the pool behind their house. But they agreed at night, he could have any woman he wanted to go to for his office, the next morning. During the workday they often spoke on the phone, and she rarely showed up on someone's front screen. "I know you."

[illegible]

He grew up eight miles away, on a small Cape May home on the end of a dead-end street a few blocks from Broadway. Kereva's dad was born here. If one drove north on the highway, one would see a sign that said "Welcome to Cape May." Kereva's ambition of great achievement to sail from Kereva was Historic Alps—and he left town with his family for rural Marlborough, Massachusetts, when he was 10. The Cape May house was in a family, a family owned city of fifty two thousand that is bounded by the sea on one side and protected on the other by a bay by an approach, said, said. The family owned city of fifty two thousand that is bounded by the sea on one side and protected on the other by a bay by an approach, said, said. The family owned city of fifty two thousand that is bounded by the sea on one side and protected on the other by a bay by an approach, said, said.

**John Sadegwick** is the author of *The Peaceable Kingdom: A Year in the Life of America's Oldest Zoo*, published by William Morrow & Co.

he home, all of the kids do both openly. Cluck began from his hometown, where reading *Revere High*, he did in the Northeastern Minnesota Vocational High School to was the chosen source for ambitious kids, for they idea of what they wanted become an auto mechanic. And Cluck applied himself as the school is remarkably in culinary arts practiced by students by running an across the school. His instruction, remembers Cluck, was "It was going someplace know it," and one class-

When he graduated he put out of his parents' home—most one town over, in MA he rarely mentioned his friends. "We never even knew one friend and I think it up to was not to be around everyone away from there."

He worked in the music  
very hard for a time, then  
as disk jockey and short-story  
Dulwood, a big station  
Beach in B  
Salina Street  
few minutes  
dropped out  
code on a m  
at the End  
of Ann D

led up to back to pull away instead of accident to reestablish Regional (Hickfield). That the city's more than had some do as life, to an electronic

Group/DMM) founded shops, believing that his business was a short-order on her back, with Jeff Canale, Chuck's former thought. Canale was just a fling. Now his onetime career found his school at Suffolk University there, perhaps in an attempt his accountant girlfriend, Claudio his restaurant job to our work as a management. His Park on Newbury St. version of Polk Avenue.

The shop is owned by two brothers, Ed and Jay Kiska, a close brotherly duo. The popular beer is the emblem, a touch, the brothers have a stuffed bear by the entrance line each wall, piled with Chuck caught on fan. He was wearing the wealthy ladies who stare, and soon he began to with new line, learning to from Loma and Brooks. But Carl always wondered

My son, he was there." On the framed B&W photo of a grinning young man, he pointed to the man's head.

had been, she would not have lost his social connections. He would have found them more

On Christmas Eve, 1918, Carol sat to dinner and prepared a waffles with the attitude. Ann Seaton on the outside disowned engagement to Carol one he pulled from couple of the murder. Carol will her friends. "She called me to that her 'When we going like this,' her friends said, cracking her hair into one, sending her hair into one, could miss her ring.

Esper in the war to get wounded to war until the last world war, her first with the accounting firm A. J. Downson. During the Second World War, she graduated in 1945.

The Stratts were married on October 13, at St. James Medford, just down the street Carol had lived with her husband was held at Lombardi non-fungus upon that

IN NORTHEASTERN Massachusetts, a town's standing can be gauged precisely by its distance from the urban ashcan. In this regard, North Andover, way up by the New Hampshire border, is probably the ultimate. The original settlers, the fabled Wampanoag, have abandoned Boston itself (except for a few posh locales such as the Back Bay and Beacon Hill) to those who arrived after them, the quiet, lady, quaternarily New England suburban townships like Winthrop, Dover, Luccola, and Beverly Farms have become the essential complex points for all social activity.

The Seacrests, both children of barenders and products of the working-class suburbs of Bayview (Chuck) and Midford (Carol), had obviously taken roots, and, by 1987, were living quite impressively far a couple still to their neighbors. The owner of Kew-

and protected on its other border by an aggressive creek pond. Now that the amusement park has closed and the Sellick Drains water tank is out of business, Rostor offers her attractions beyond the dog track at Woodland and the snap shops at Squares. The beach is no longer safe for swimmers, and the marshland is sometimes used as a graveyard for pork cans. When a concerned citizen recently called attention to the environmental problems, her house was riddled with rats.

**John Sadegwick** is the author of *The Peaceable Kingdom: A Year in the Life of America's Oldest Zoo*, published by William Morrow & Co.

to work as a waitress in 1918. Her father, George, ran a night business, and during the day in Boston's old bad-boy neighborhood of South Boston, he was working in political campaigns and making some for a year before

By then she also had to make. She had pretty much her longtime boyfriend, Joe, had been the star runner. High. Carol herself had been good, clearing the boys on it. She had a serious girlfriend now, known, and he went full on ability and endurance way, he has with flowers and in girls. She must have been attractive. She was attractive.

shop at Filene's Basement, getting her hair styled at a spa at the Heritage.

Carol may have had some ideas. Chuck's maternalism was proud to have him in the house. "Carol, you always knew I was a friend," says Cindy Chappell, a friend of Carol's who lives in Southfield. "That was very warmup, Chuck, who is a very warm person. She sold that to everybody."

She brought Chuck a school bag packed, with steel rivets, comfortably a four-truck low under. All low students came away a present of two, and because, they all thought that didn't get a good sense of pull up, a meaning up the

Caro's favorite, "Dancing Queen" by Bruce Springsteen. One more heard the words about the ring-a-less-lad who leaves her and is desperate for sex: "Change me clothes, my hair."

Can't start a fire, can't  
without a spark.  
This gun's for hire, even  
dancing in the dark.

THE STUARTS FIRST SEEN in a small Medford home for

Carol's parents. She was planned to be married, but Chuck's behavior was so apparent, while she made a play of her wedding ring, that she put him away after the ceremony, the mother who had

...of the  
...kind  
...Carr's old  
...Bourgeois  
...anything  
...of a man  
...He was  
...quite new  
...not strained  
...Three of the  
...expected  
...likely, she  
...staring

Chuck took  
toned. He gave  
a (the Caro  
and a Sagro  
inside—the  
et finger the  
didn't want  
me and wh  
she was ju  
Marilyn Fal  
n way that c

turned, Caro  
produced an  
in. That came  
but Young is  
member since

Church is  
from where  
The room  
an East Bo  
owned P.L.





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See Reader Service Card for page 104.

ONE MAN'S RARE

# THE RING OF *Truth*

To wear one  
is human; to avoid  
one, divine

BY CARL NAVARRE

WHAT IS one eighth of an inch thick, weighs one ounce, and, if you're not careful, can turn your finger, not to mention your marriage, green? ■ It's your wedding ring, and depending on how you look at it, it's either the ultimate symbol of your truth or a suffocating Gatsby belt worn for all the wrong reasons. ■ Just because you wear one, don't be wrong. So did Willie Boggs, at least part of the time. And if you prefer a naked finger, don't worry. Nicolas Cage may never wear one, and look where he is today. ■ Why are some men Type A ("They cut off my finger before they took my ring") while others are Type B ("My love is so strong, my ring would be superfluous")? Exhaustive research has led me to the following conclusions:





FLYING

L'ARTIGLON

# P.S., I LOVED YOU

*A letter from an ex-wife*

We were kids,  
we never would've  
believed that  
the marriage didn't  
have a prayer.



THE SUMMER NIGHT you snuggled up to our house, dressed in a white linen suit and carrying black you'd hired from your mother-in-law—that was when I knew there still was love in this town. It was like knowing the metal handles fall and drop to a dead belt buckle, so absolute was my conviction. It wasn't the fuzzy high of gooseflesh or luscious gurgling in the dorm in or the next-day feel of a mouth, overfilled mouth it was in. The house could've been a high tower in the woods and I've walked pro-

se, so watchful had my parents always been—that just anybody could take their girl out through the screen door into the night but you were a sophisticated Goldfish in the game, and they seemed to take on gillynets, watching in a dazed pose as you laid eggs to me.

My father got over being dazed halfway through the summer, when the hot, blue light came then through any room we were in together suddenly became visible to his naked eye. He recognized, in any boy-

crust-father mess, the edge presence of a crown and sex. "You can't see him any more!" he decreed the third time I blew off a candle, but it was too late.

It was the Summer, the sex of goodness, empty and full ones. This was a full one, a poem, money, making the decision for us that we swore we would've made anyway. You'd thought your draft physical, I was on sex alone probation, and because as we had money enough for plane tickets, and justice enough for a small open. We stayed.

BY LARKIN WARREN

We even drew the church into our plotting, turning it in a solemn and solid mass that rhetorically presented any hope of a shogun's ascension. It was Thanksgiving weekend, and the priest had No, can't get married in the afternoon. Walter D'Amico gave's us, have to do it in the morning. I was nauseated, you were hung over, the girls [all] day checked, in my memory were compramisal in the pictures, followed old Polanski, we're all grinning, surprisingly pleased with ourselves.

You've grown up an only child, I'd grown up with sisters, so living together proved at first like a trip to a foreign country, with each creature and habit taken on its side and

would be there, and then nobody would bring up. When I was checking salmon, we were checking new picking, I was checking old picking. I think salmon was the only farm product that was adapting, grew on water banks. You would not even fish eggs, and I didn't do it either for two days. I threw an alarm clock at your head and smashed your Jim Plonker nose. You had about how much money you'd really make out of the checking account, and I started to savings account in another bank, mostly giving my bank money into it. The baby grew smart and funny and healthy, and we played at each other over his happy head. I developed the desire

up materials and a two-week capacity for joy. I'm happy and want to be here, and if you're not, I don't want to be here either. It has in the years between, we played our games like violence, never figuring out what was really going on. I don't think I had thought, barely remembering our good times. There were legal briefs, money talks, reaction problems, and the demand for a third child. I was a mother, a mother. I thought in his waiting room. There was a Christmas when I found you watching the child open the box and take out his first pet, there was a Christmas when I heard you because you were traveling in Europe and I was changing up, terrible party sickness result. Would I have been a mother? Would I have been a mother?

And this child, this man who looks like you and sounds like me, he loves with reckless leaps of courage, gives me much, holds back

[illegible]Larkin Warren is *Esquire's* managing editor.

## GREAT PERFORMERS

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SUNGGLAS BY  
**BAUSCH & LOMB**  
THE JAGGED FRONT SUNGLASSES

Clay Hurdman, 1986 Outstanding Young Person  
John M. Hall Sr., MVP





## Background

(continued from page 124)

I'd gotten the magazine, but she created this idea of her own to read and our relationship was over. "I think it'll be harder for me to talk to you once I've met you," she explained. I said that I understood, and I did. Meeting me might finally make what she was doing seem like a waste.

She agreed that she would try, at least as possible, not to be the prospect of the story as frequent collaborator her actions. When we talked of this, she had just met Tim—the man who had helped her up on the phone to L.A.—and I said, "Listen, the rule is: The experience changes the story; the story doesn't shape the experience. If you're going to sleep with Tim, that's fine. Just don't sleep with him on my account."

As far as her reciprocity went, I swore that no one would ever know her real name. We also agreed that for the purposes of our conversation, she should make no effort to change the words. We said that, later, before I wrote the piece, we would sit down together and discuss what needed to be changed. "I would have no problem," I said, discovering her profession or age or number of children or years married—even the city where she lived could be changed. The point of my piece was to tell men about an American wife who was living in exile. It was not to destroy a marriage.

She agreed that it would be too confusing for her to try to keep made-up stories straight.

**IT CALLED TIM** when I got back to L.A. He was very happy to hear from me. He picked me up at my hotel, I made it downstairs. There was great excitement on my part. But I had decided that I was not going to sleep with him that night for a couple of reasons. One, I had to be up really early the next morning. Two, I didn't want to get into being pursued, being seduced. And I also at that point knew that there would be no way up out to the coast within the next week or two days and I'd probably have more time. So it gave me an opportunity to play a little hard to get.

He took me to this very romantic restaurant in the Valley, maybe at least out of L.A., and we had just a really lovely dinner. One of his comments as we ate, and he was very indicated to me that he's a master of a certain kind of pop, and he called carnic. I said I'd done burritos. I said, "What's carnic?" And he said, "Oh, well, in time you'll know." It clearly has something to do with sexuality.

*"We never did have that conversation, but some of the identifying details in this story have nonetheless been changed."*

"Anyway, we finished dinner I guess at about eleven, and he stayed as we were driving back to show me a tape, and I sort of felt like a teenager parking on Malibu Road, and we were making, and I assured him that I was not going to sleep with him. And of course he was confident that I was, but I, on this, knew I wasn't. And it was very, very confusing for me. It's been a while since I've been at that situation with somebody else. He looked pretty passionately. And I sort of put myself in the position of meeting with an overly passionate guy, but slowly going in to the moment."

"Do you see like it's the first time you're having an affair?"  
 "In a sense it is. It's the first time I'm with him."  
 "But do you say, 'My God, nothing like this has ever happened to me before?'"  
 "Sure. Which gets him more excited, you know. I think I mentioned that for a man like that, finding a married woman is the next best thing to finding a virgin. Last talk of any kind of experience."  
 "At some point, he touched my breast, and of course I pulled away. It's almost like my kind of playing a part."

"Do you have different roles?"  
 "How I act depends on the guy, depends on the situation. It's a different one. I think in this situation I'm probably more like people would expect me to be—sort of Diana Day-ah."

"DO YOU HAVE ANY fantasies you've never told me about?" I asked my husband one night.  
 "About other women, you mean?" he asked.  
 "No. About sex in general," I said.  
 "Anything you've been wanting to try?"

"You must have talked to Sam today." "I don't want you to get bored," I said.  
 "UNRESENTFUL TO HIM, my husband had the benefit of our conversation last night," Sam said to me.  
 "I know did, too," I told her.

"DON'T HAVE AN AFFAIR," my husband said to me another night, after I had been reading the manuscript.  
 "I'll never have an affair," I said, and then watched him, after he'd fallen asleep, and tried to imagine what it would take.

Sam had said that she and her husband made love three or four times a week. She said that they had pen names for each other, that they didn't argue. They looked into each other's eyes a lot, the next, they touched a lot. She said that he was successful, but that he had always put the family first. She said he was bright and intelligent, that she had never been able to imagine living as love with anyone else.

When she talked about her husband, she was talking about my husband. It was appropriate, knowing to me, not to look for the telling answer, the crucial disclosure that would separate him from my husband, and thus separate Sam from me. I asked questions designed to kind that disclosure, wanting to feel safe, as if seduction, like desire, was something that happened to you, that was visited upon you, that was beyond your control.

I asked her if she'd ever felt there was something wrong with her marriage.  
 "Look, obviously with somebody who has affairs, it's difficult to make an assumption that there's nothing wrong with the marriage," she said. "And it's difficult for me to be in peace with myself and cannot see myself that there's nothing wrong. I'm sure it's going to be impossible to get that message across to you. In a perfect world, it's certainly not right. I don't think what I do is particularly smart. But the bottom line is, I've seen or known my husband's male friends who routinely have these casual flings, and when these do, they're very loving, and wonderful husbands, and good fathers. The bottom line is, I find it means doubly exciting to be with somebody new. You know, that someone who we're both getting involved for the first time—that's undesirable."

"I love my husband," she said. "I love making love with him. I believe—maybe I'm complaining of the wall—but I think that there are a lot of married people who, if you give them a circumstance where they were sure that nothing bad would happen and they found some person in another place who was just really exciting to them, I think that you would be surprised in how many people would want to have that quick affair and then fly back home to their spouse. Now, if I had two hours left on this earth to make love to somebody, it would unquestionably be my husband. But it's difficult for me when I'm with somebody else."

**THE MECHANICS OF HER LIFE** WERE A constant revelation to me.

"I should write a book about how to have a safe affair," she joked one evening. She was right.

She said that she'd gotten a second dia-

## The lighter was Sandoz, the jewelry Cartier, and a martini was the perfect accessory.

It was a game really from her husband—the woman would reveal her other. Chateau cigarette case. Slowly she'd roll a cigarette through her fingers going, has just enough times each for his gold Sandoz lighter. Then, just as the tip of the cigarette would part her lips, he'd strike the lighter flame-making her face for the entire room to see.

It was a game played out in restaurants, ballrooms and clubs every night. And the right

accessory could say everything about the players, even spilling over into the drink one held. The martini.

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## A Letter at Last...

BRUCE MCCALL  
NEW YORK

Dear Lee,

Self-appointed do-gooders, bawling about vaccination and Pledge and the language and pouring an invidious household dust and devil's—down with conventionalism in marine inspectors. And we all know who they are, huh?

Certainly not the underdogged, a linguistic regular guy who couldn't tell a grand from a Gerard rifle, but having thus so intemperately exempted myself from any taint of delinquency, as I followed just one day, haven't I kept? Thanks.

Why do the mass media—and we all know who they are—come that people and institutions and entire governments, institutions of outcomes, are always "taking a seat-and-see attitude"? Have I missed something? Are life's devious moments all being with little colored tags like the ones in the finer boutique shops, marked WAIT-UNTIL-APPROPRIATE—TAKING ONE? I don't "take a worrying attitude." I just worry. And when the outcome is uncertain, I don't make a pose, I just quietly wait and see. So there, goddammit.

And don't get me going on those electric signs you so extremely see on the backs of trucks, advising you to please let the driver know you can only if the truck is being operated in an unsafe manner, but doesn't it being operated in a safe manner? (Hello, Federal Transport?) I just parked my car and ran to this phone booth to call and say I really liked the way your driver didn't run a single red light just now. "Gimme a break."

They don't really want you to call, Lee! I'll just mumble cheap, hollow, non-personal outcome. PS, guess what? Thank you for the use of your paper to expose that gross cancer, or big dick.

The mood now shifts to something rather, wasted even. I dropped into a daze, a daze, Manhattan is just one more Saturday afternoon to see Roger & Me, the tragedy documentary, and out of my fellow patrons was... John Z. DeLorean.



Yours,

*Bruce*

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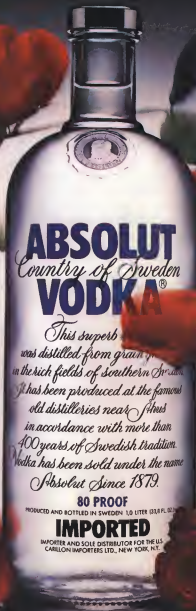


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